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The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1884. NO. 37.

From the New York Ledger

WITH A CHILD'S EYES.

I saw them pass along the thoroughfare,
A hoary old man with long hair, snowy white,
And by his side a little maiden fair,
With golden locks and large eyes, blue and bright.

The old man listened to the prattling child,
Who told of sights that filled her with surprise;
He turned his head and his wan face beamed and smiled
As if he saw them with the maiden's eyes.

She told him of the wonders she could see
In the store windows where, in bright array,
Beautiful dolls, a fairy company,
Stood forth on all who passed along the way.

She told how horses, prancing through the streets,
The gorgeous equipages drew along,
And in which reclining on the cushioned seats,
Fair women looked upon the passing throng.

And then they turned their steps into a park,
And sat upon a bench beneath the trees,
The old man though the world to him was dark,
Heard the birds sing the leaves stir in the breeze

He heard the waters of the fountain fall,
And with the little maiden's eyes could see
The green grass and the buds of flowers, the tall
Trees and the children sporting merrily.

The joy of all the world he seemed to share,
As if love in others' happiness the sense
Of his affliction, for he had no air
Of sadness or of suffering intense.

Looking upon each object smiling face,
I said, "The blind, who pass beneath the sun,
Groping in darkness seem to find a grace
That others miss, and so come nearer God."

Printed by special arrangement with the author

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A Story of the Early Days of Mormonism.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND ROSE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

BURIED IN THE LAKE.

The Danite leader now beckoned our party to move on, bidding us leave the heaviest log chain behind. The horsemen merely glanced at each other. They knew what was to be done, and swung into the saddle as one man. No Cromwell ever had troopers obedient as were these ignorant and desperate followers of the false religion in America.

If you who have this question to settle, sooner or later, will only stop to consider a moment, you will observe that all such monstrosities that poor human nature has brought forth on the earth have two elements for their establishment one, the father of them, a learned man, a superficially learned man, a "crank," and the other element, a densely ignorant mass of mankind to sow his doctrines among, to mature and maintain them when they take root. And these two elements are never wanting in recruits They never will be while ignorance is so general. Of course you cannot destroy the leaders, the "crank," men crazy over their books and about religion But you can utterly destroy their following. Plough up the field, cultivate it, and the tares will perish in time. This is the remedy. Cultivation, intelligence, education, association with others, have already done much, broken off the hard corners of this rock in the sea. But let ignorance prevail there as it did thirty year ago, and you will see renewed all the ferocity, cruelty, and crime in the name of the new religion which we knew then.

Destroy these people by war! No, you cannot destroy them by war, even though your pour in a million of men with guns and all the treasure of this universe. You might kill them every one and confiscate their homes. And yet in Europe—anywhere, everywhere where there is ignorance to follow and fanticism to lead—you might see a Mormon Church.

Our train moved on. The horsemen galloped alongside for a little way after having had some silent orders from their giant and iron hearted leader. Then they rode back. Then they galloped up the hill alongside again, and so remained until we had reached the top of the steep hill there we were ordered to stop and wait, till we were permitted again to move on

No one had spoken to the girl to say good-by. Hope had been kindled in her heart. She had even taken a step forward to fall in with the moving train and follow us as we started. A heavy hand fell on her shoulder. She lifted her eyes to the missionary's, let them fall, and stooped as still as the dead.

When we turned about in the full white moonlight on the hill, and looked after the horsemen while they dashed down the hill in a cloud of dust, we could see but dimly. But a man who professed to see clearly, said the giant was leading the girl down toward his own camp, and the ugly coffin hiding away there in the shadows.

One of the horsemen rode down to the mouth of the little stream where it fell into the lake, and drew a boat that was hidden there up into a little cove formed by the waters of the brook. We could not see the girl now. What was being done?

As said before, we could see but indistinctly now. By and by some one saw the monstrous giant once more pushing his long black box before him down toward the lake, and pointed out the dark object to others. The horsemen rode some distance leisurely behind, with their hats in their hand. The girl still could not be seen.

At length a dreadful suspicion crept over us, and a cry burst from one of the women. She wrung her hands and cried hysterically that the girl was in the coffin and they were going to bury her in the lake.

The woman was silenced with effort, and all stood still as death, waiting, waiting. The moon seemed only a little way above us, only a little higher on the hill, and oh, so pale and pitiful and sorrowing she seemed! The far white mountains of snow shone like silver in this whitest and brightest of silver moons this side of Arabia.

Why were we compelled to stand here and see all this? Surely they meant to murder this girl and make us witness it,

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in order to spread terror and the fear of their power to "judge" and to execute judgment through the land. Here was a murder to which the murderers demanded witnesses and compelled the presence of witnesses. But still, as I said before, we could see but dimly. The moon was sinking fast now. How slow and deliberate they were! The barrow evidently had a heavier load than ever before. The heavy chair and the chained girl! It moved heavily, slowly through the great white girdle of gleaming salt; slowly and sadly, like a funeral march.

At last it touched the edge of the dark waters. All was still, as silent as death. It seemed that some one of these men—two of them, three of them, all of them—must disobey this giant and monster, kill him if necessary, and save this beautiful girl. Even if they had no sense of chivalry or valor in them to help the helpless, it did seem as if some one, any one, all might do almost anything to protect her, save her.

Two men rode up, dismounted, held their horses by the long tethers as they stood there fretful and knee deep in the gleaming girdle of salt, and so hastily lifted the long black coffin into the boat.

The giant solemnly and silently took his place at the oar and began to move slowly and certainly toward the dark and desolate rock in the deeps of the lake.

The horsemen remounted, drew back, hats in hand, and so sat with the others looking out at the colossal and silent boatman with his singular freight. Was he rowing to reach this rock where the corpse had been seen loaded down in the water with chains? Would he not go on, on, on, anywhere, and escape these brutal and blind followers, who believed him a saint engaged in maintaining the Church of Jesus Christ!

But these men did not doubt for a moment. They sat on their horses in a crescent about the head of the lake and looked on, tranquil, silent, reverential, waiting with certainty the signal of death.

Never fell there such a silence. Never was there such a murder as this. Far away above the gleaming towers of snow the stars stood trembling. The moon began to hasten away and slide swiftly down in the west behind the hill on which we stood as if terrified and refusing to be a witness.

The man saw that the moon was going away, and he dipped his oars with rapid and heavy stroke. The water shone, sparkled, flashed in the moon. The oars dug into the heavy water as if dipping into a sea of molten silver.

The boat struck the rock! You could hear it grate and grind, all was so still.

The giant stood up in the boat a second, then with his broad right hand slowly drew back the covering and looked down as if into a face into coffin. He was so tall, his form seemed like a tree. He cast a black and frightful shadow far out over the sea of silver in the fading moonlight. The mounted Danites loomed up in the mirage larger than heroic statues. At last the colossal figure in the boat leaned over, caught up something long and heavy from the coffin, stood up tall and terrible with it poised in the air, high above his head in his two mighty hands. He poised it there a moment, dallied with it, heaved his great heavy shoulders, arched his long strong back, surged to and fro in the failing silvery moonlight, and then with vehement force threw it forward into the depths of the darks water with all the tremendous power that was in him.

The water dashed up, gleamed like a sunrise, closed over, and all was still again in the heart of the great dark waters of death.

A band was lifted to us from the nearest horseman, and we passed on over the hill right in the face of the great round moon now settling down to rest in the far off Sierras, and I never saw the place again for twenty years or more.

And when I did return I came from London to write up the trial of Brigham Young, who was then being tried for his life for complicity in murders like this.

By good fortune I found an old friend of mine was then Governor of the Territory. We searched this spot for the skeletons, but, as before observed, the lake had so filled that, while we found the buried rock and little island, we found nothing more.

I told a Mormon elder this story, and he earnestly assured me that all we had seen of the end was the mirage—a delusion, that the missionary did not drown the girl, but had taken this course to save her from the Danites: that he had left the girl at the willows, to fall in with the next train that came by, while he had thrown only his bag of bread or something of that sort with the chain about it into the black waters of the great lake. Let us hope so at least.

An ambitious and candid man in Des Moines, Iowa, publishes a card in which he says that, as many citizens have failed to solicit him to become a candidate, he has concluded to offer his services to his fellow citizens in the office which he aspires to.

Dr. Wilson says in the *Southern World* that it is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. In the morning there is an acrid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct it as peaches, apples, &c. The small seeded fruits, such as figs, blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries, may be classed among the best fruits and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid purifying, and the seeds laxative. We should look more to our gardens for our medicines, and less to our drug stores.

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette

WESTERN RAMBLINGS.

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, April 4, '84.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Before leaving Santa Fe, by taking a stroll beyond the American portion of the city, one enters the purely Spanish or Mexican part of the town with its old time houses built of adobe Going down a steep street, called San Fraucisco, passing a new cathedral of the same name, shops of various kinds are noticed on the right and left. Filagree jewelery of Mexican manufacture is plenty, and rude pottery made by the Pueblo Indians abound on every hand. The grotesque shape and hideous appearance of many pieces strikes one as being the relics of barbarism and an age long since past. Here too may be seen wicker ware woven closely enough to hold water. Here and there may be seen the dark skinned workmen in their filth and dirt. A blanket of brilliant color is loosely fixed about their persons, and a bright colored handkerchief tied around their heads. The dusky clerks are anxious to display their wares with a hope of making sale of it. Many interesting relics may be seen in wandering around the city. Days might be spent here viewing the links of history that unite this semi-barbarous city, over which centuries have rolled, with the present age. Now and then a Navajo Indian may be met on the street. In their wild and savage state, they seem ill at ease, even here, but occasionally come in to sell some furs or game, or perchance one of those peculiar striped and closely woven blankets that if held by the corners will hold water in the centre. It is a wonder, how, in their rude way, they can manufacture such a texture from the bark of trees, or grass of the mountains. Those blankets sell at from $25 to $50 a piece.

The Navajo reservation lies north and west of Santa Fe, and embraces 100 miles square They number about 17,000 souls, and can readily put 4,000 warriors on the war path if so minded. The rolling waves of emigration is hedging them in on all sides, and if they are compelled to live on their own miserable, barren lands, they will be driven to the stern necessity of either stealing, begging, fighting or starving; what their future will be is a problem hard to solve. They own 1,000,000 sheep and goats, 15,000 horses and a few cattle, which find a range mainly off the reservation proper, and the stock men of New Mexico and Southern Colorado are pressing them harder every year and demand of the government that they be driven on to their own lands. This they refuse to do, claiming all that country is theirs and that they intend to hold it. Though the wealthiest of all the tribes they must soon become the victims of advancing civilization, and be so crippled in their ability to maintain themselves as to perish or be crushed by a terrible war.

Awaking from the reverie one is liable to fall into thinking of the incidents that have transpired in that city, brought so forcibly to mind by what one sees, the shrill whistle of the engine is the warning to snatch for our grip sack and hurry away to the depot, what a strange contrast between the present and the past, the nude Indian or blanketted Mexican is giving way to the busy American just as the old time burro—that little beast of burden that is to be met with in all frontier camps, and is supposed to live on air, cactus and tin cans—is giving way to the modern means of transportation.

And now something of this land of Montezuma. Las Vegas has about 6,000 inhabitants, something over one-half Americans. Last season the town had quite a building boom, people came flocking in from every direction, rents were enormously high. The smallpox broke out in the place and caused quite a cessation of business, then in January last the great sanitarium building was destroyed by fire, but the town is recovering again from those reverses, living is higher than any place we have struck. Many Eastern people come here to attend the Hot Springs which have a high reputation as to their curative power As one might suppose, prices here cause the eyes of "tender feet" to open in surprise.

Las Vegas has gas works, water works, street cars, telephone, brass band and all the modern "put ons" of cities in general, and some things peculiar to this town, such as Mexican lawyers, and interpreters to tell the English class what the Mexican is saying, as well as tell the Mexicans class what the English people are talking about. The interpreter is usuall a slow-tongued genius, and as one might suppose, court business goes with a drag. If anything will take the conceit out of a rising star of the legal profession, it is to have one of his studied flights of oratory torn to pieces by the monotoned interpreter without moving a muscle except tongue and lips. The Heathen Chinaman is seemingly everywhere—washing must be a thriving business here—judging from the number of laundries.

Arrangements are being made by the railroad company to rebuild their sanitarium on a larger scale than the other was, to accommodate the throngs of people that visit here every summer. The bath house has a capacity of 500 baths a day. A clear mountain stream in which trout abound, the fine scenery up the canyon, on the way to the Enchanted Lake at the foot of Hermit's Peak, has attractions of no small merit to the tourist and lover of pleasure. Thus in the midst of barren deserts there are oasis where one may stop to rest and recuperate. J. S. F.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without trouble.

MRS. BLOSSOM ON ETIQUETTE.

Mrs. Blossom entertained a book agent in her parlor the other day. It was contrary to the custom; she usually told them, through the screen door, that she had the book in the house, and had had it for some time. But this agent was a lady, and she wore a black turban, trimmed with jets, and a jetted mantle, and talked so politely, and, withal, with such a touch of sadness in her manner that Mrs. Blossom felt sure that she had seen better days. She was canvassing for a work on etiquette. Mrs. Blossom at first bristled up, and said she didn't need the book, but the agent said "everybody needed it." And she went on to say how they seemed like slight things, the laws that governed the social relations between ourselves and our fellow men, but the happiness of a life often hung in the balance upon a trifling word or act. How important, then, that we should thoroughly understand the rules of etiquette, by which the cultured lady or gentleman is distinguished from the rustic boor. Mrs. Blossom said she had never thought of it in that light before, and she guessed she would take the book. The agent said it was only four dollars, and further added, that, with that book, the Bible and Shakespeare in the house, no one could fail to be a thoroughly educated and cultured lady.

Mrs. Blossom was a little surprised to find all of the intelligent lady agent's beautiful remarks in the first chapter of the book, but she none the less eagerly devoured the contents. She told Mr. Blossom, at tea that night, that all she regretted in her early education was the lack of a thorough training in etiquette. It made her feel dreadfully to think of the awful blunders she had made, just from not knowing.

"I'm glad now," she said, "to know just what to do, everywhere, at all times. And I mean to teach the children etiquette, too. It's a powerful agent for promoting peace, harmony and good will among men."

She cribbed that last sentence from the book and delivered it with considerable gusto. but her better-half only said: "Is that so?" and continued to read his newspaper.

In the course of the evening Mrs. Blossom nine times reminded her husband of some terrible crime against good breeding, which he was daily in the habit of committing.

The next day she hired a carriage and went out in a driving rain to return some first calls which the book said should be positively returned within three or four days.

She said, that a card for the lady of the house might be folded so as to include the rest of the family. and asked Mr. Blossom what he supposed that meant Mr. Blossom said he did not know. And she left her cards turned down at four corners and bent in the middle, and said that if that didn't include the family she did not know what would.

She snatched a plate of toast away from Corny at the table, and told him that "when asparagus was served with toast, toast should not be eaten." Corny said he liked the toast, and didn't like asparagus, but she said that did not make any difference, it did not say what to do in such a case

She read the book through slowly, a chapter a day, and she had just gotten to the chapter on parties and balls when they were invited to a reception at the Neasmiths.

The Neasmiths had lately returned from abroad, and Mrs Blossom said she supposed everything would be done up in European style, but she didn't mean to appear green there, if she knew herself. She caught hold of Mr Blossom, as he rang the Neasmith's door bell on that eventful night, and told him not to notice any one, till he got his things off, and on the way up stairs he snubbed the minister and his brother's wife. When they were going down stairs she commanded him to assume an air of formal pleasure, and he obeyed by putting on a stiffish grin.

Mrs. Blossom remembered to have read in the etiquette book, that afternoon that "At the most formal receptions, after addressing the host and hostess, pass at once to the refreshment room." And she said, 'twas a mercy it said that, for she never would have thought of it in the world So, after shaking hands formally with Mr. and Mrs. Neasmith, she walked with fixed determination toward the refreshment room.

"I say, Sue," whispered Mr. Blossom, "let's wait till we see some one else going."

But Mrs. Blossom said:

"The book says 'go immediately,' and I'm going to do it"

"The door in the dining-room was closed, but Mrs. Blossom, with a hand nerved with the consciousness of right, turned the knob and walked boldly in. She took her stand at a small table near the centre of the room, and told Mr. Blossom:

"By no means to sit down, but partake of refreshments standing."

Mr. Blossom said in an anxious tone: "Sue, there is not another person in this room."

And sure enough, they were the sole occupants. Even Mrs Blossom's faith wavered for a moment, but a bright idea suggested itself.

"Why, of course, they've all got through, we came late," and she sipped her coffee, with a vain attempt at a festive air.

"I say, Sue, this is social," observed Mr. Blossom, facetiously. "We might as well be lunching in our own dining-room at home, except that they beat us on variety."

But his wife helped herself to some more chicken salad, and said that was the way they always did at receptions; she hoped he didn't think he was at a dinner party.

Somebody opened the door from the parlor, it was Mr. McCormick.

"Why, hello, Blossom," he said, "taking it out all alone? You'd better wait for the rest of us."

Mr. Blossom grew red in the face, but Mrs. Blossom poised her coffee cup gracefully in her hand, and said sweetly:

"Oh, no, thank you. Are you and Mrs. McCormick quite well?"

Mr. McCormack said:

"Yes, very well," and shut the door with a grin.

"Sue," again interposed Mr. Blossom, "there is some mistake about this."

But Mrs. Blossom said the McCormicks never had any society standing, and she guessed she knew the points of etiquette as well as they did.

After that, Mr. Ayers opened the door, stared and smiled.

Then a young lady and gentleman peeped in and giggled.

Then, Mrs Conkey glanced in, and so they kept it up until Mr. Blossom said he would swear that every person in those parlors had peeped through that door at them and gone away grinning.

They finished their ice cream rather hastily and returned to the parlor. The hostess begged them not to hasten away.

"Stay until after refreshment anyway," she said.

Mr. Blossom began:

"We have had——," but his wife gave him an awful look.

"You are very kind, but we really must go," she said blandly, and dragged Mr. Blossom up stairs.

Not a word did she say until they were in the carriage. But when Mr. Blossom began, "Well, I suppose this is style, but it beats me," she said, in a choking voice:

"Don't you see, Thomas Blossom, they have not had supper yet. Oh, I can never face that crowd again," and she relapsed into hysterical tears.

"Great Gideon! you do not think so?" gasped Mr. Blossom.

"I know they have not," she declared convulsively. "I asked the girl and she said so."

"Well, I thought it was queer," said Mr. Blossom "It was against my better judgment all along."

"But Thomas," faltered Mrs. Blossom, through her tears, "the etiquette book certainly said——"

"Confound that book," thundered Mr. Blossom. "Sue, we have made two of the most precious fools of ourselves! We will be the laughing stock of the town!"

"How could I know?" sobbed Mrs Blossom.

Mr Blossom answered not a word, but, when he entered the house, he walked straight to the table where the etiquette book reposed with a blue satin marker between its leaves, and he took it, satin mark and all, and cast it into the fire, and watched it burn with savage satisfaction.—*Detroit Press and Tribune.*

PRECISE WOMAN NOVELISTS.

Among the novelists of to-day the women are the more careful as to the neatness and legibility of their manuscript. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is a precise writer, putting into her stories just so many hundreds of words, telling her publishers the exact number beforehand Miss Louise Alcott affects a back-hand style, making her letters clearly and putting her words far apart so that they are easily read. Miss Fletcher, "Kismet's" author, writes so evenly and distinctly that her pages have the appearance of being engraved, and are suggestive of much rewriting and care. The copy of Jean Ingelow shows uncertain, almost childish characters, traced on an unruled surface. Norah Perry inclines to violet ink and has a flowing, extremely graceful handwriting, together with the habit of scenting her paper. Mrs A. D T Whitney has an Italian style of chirography, and scrawls but few words in a line in a style neither easy to read nor [illegible] Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes with the tremulous hand of an aged woman, and Lucy Larcom's writing also looks as if the hand that wielded the pen was old and stiff. "Jennie June" (Mrs. Croly) writes easily and legibly, as does also "Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Lippincott) Emily Faithful writes in an English, masculine hand. Julia Hawthorne makes her characters clearly, but her writing is so fine as almost to require a microscope to define it. Mrs Julia Ward Howe wastes no time on shading her letters, and has a way of putting peculiar twists to them that makes them look funny and yet don't make them illegible Mrs. Celia Thaxter is always careful to leave a margin on the left of her page, but writes a back-hand that is apt to run off the the sheet to the right. Mrs. Mary Booth, of *Harper's Bazar*, writes unevenly but easily. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is the model writer, and punctuates, capitalizes and paragraphs with the utmost exactness. Once, at a Night Press dinner, George William Curtis proposed her health as the contributor who furnishes perfect copy. Mrs Lucy Stone Blackwell, of the *Women's Journal*, is said to jot down her ideas on whatever kind of paper is handiest—old envelopes or circulars—in a handwriting awkward and unformed, with many erasures and paragraph marks.

INDIANS THAT NEED NO AID.—The annual distribution of annuity goods at La Court Oreille reservation has just been made to 1,000 Indians there. The Indians of this reservation have been extensively engaged in logging during the past winter, and have banked about $180,000 worth of logs. They are well fed and well clothed some of them having realized from $2,000 to $3,000 from the sale of their timber. All have been at work. Agent Durfee describes some of them coming up in broadcloth and kid gloves, with gold watches, chains and seals, to receive their dole or ten pounds of flour and three pounds of pork per capita. In addition to their rations of provisions there were distributed agricultural and mechanical implements, house trimmings, such as locks, latches, hinges, etc., dry goods, blankets, net twine, and the various articles furnished by the Government to its wards. Agent Durfee says that if the sale of whiskey to these Indians could be stopped they would soon become one of the most flourishing lumber communities in the State.

AN OLD SONG ANALYZED.—You know the old "Sing a song for sixpense," but have you ever read what it is meant for? asks the Toronto *Globe*.

The four and twenty blackbirds represent the 24 hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds began to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird, who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

THE VIRTUE OF AN INDIAN PONY.

I have a little story of personal experience with one Indian pony that may be read with profit. I rode once with some cattle buyers through the stock ranges of Nevada. My pony (it was called Bob) had drifted into Nevada from Utah, and was known as a buffalo hunter. Bob was as mean looking as a sheared sheep, and as bullet-headed as a political opponent However, Bob and I got along very well the first day of our acquaintance, got along, in fact, about fifty Nevada miles, which I carefully estimated to be equal to sixty-five Christian miles. The next day Bob was pretty tired, or cross, or bored He regarded the waste sage brush disdainfully while I shredded my whip upon him, and lunched off the sage brush while I wore out my spurs on his shaggy sides. Then I led him a few miles and he regarded me in big-eyed meditation. When I remounted, which I did only when my shoes were worn out, Bob appeared so broken up that I felt sorry. I determined to go no further that day than the ranch house we were approaching, for I did not want Bob's life charged to my cruelty. Just before we reached this house a heard of cattle reached us. I may say reached for us. A big bull, the biggest and wildest bull I remember ever to have seen, selected Bob and me for a target.

Considering Bob's condition I was about to dismount and take my chances afoot, when Bob started. I believe he thought he was entered for the Derby. You never saw such a rate of speed attained by such a remarkable gait. Bob would alternately roll himself up into a ball and stretch out to two or three times his normal length, his head would go out of sight into his shoulders and then go out of sight in the distance. Suddenly Bob stopped—very suddenly—so suddenly that it unsettled my dignity and pose. Looking about I discovered the cause to be that the bull had stopped. Just as suddenly the bull began charging the outer way, and Bob—that fool of a Bob—began charging after the bull. If the bull had been a peck of oats Bob could not have displayed more eagerness in the chase.

Between my anxiety lest Bob should catch the bull and not know what to do with it, and my uncertainty as to my seat, I was very unhappy. Bob, however, appeared to be having a real good time. The chase was kept up for miles, and until the bull suddenly stopped short and swung his big horned head around at Bob and me as we came along. Bob dodged beautifully, and then the bull chased us awhile. That thing was kept up for hours. If the bull wouldn't chase us, Bob would chase the bull, it was all the same to him, just as much fun one way as another I reckon we chased each other, Bob and the bull and I, about fifty miles, when we happened upon a little oasis, and Bob and the bull began browsing the unexpected grass together in the most friendly manner. I excused myself and walked to the ranch.—*San Francisco Call.*

NOT AN AMERICAN DISEASE.—The prevalent impression in regard to nervous diseases is that they are peculiarly American, caused by our tendency to overwork and by the effect of our exciting political and social life. When, a year ago, a distinguished English visitor spoke of the nervousness in American manners, of the marks of rush and hurry on the American countenance, every one agreed with the acute observation and assented to the truth of the charge Of late, however, there has arisen a suspicion among the public that diseases of the nervous system and especially "nervous prostration," are not caused only by overwork, but by over-idling. Dr. De Beer, who has been lecturing in the Hawthorne Rooms, spoke emphatically of the nerve failure which comes, not from mental exertion, but from mental relaxation. The idlers, who from luxurious modes of life become dissolute and incapable, are those destined to complete nervous decay and premature old age. The same view of nervous prostration was given by a lecturer before the Philadelphia County Medical Society He said "It is the ease and luxury of our American life that cause mischief It is the indulgence of eating and drinking, the abuse of alcohol and tobacco, sexual excesses, sedentary habit and too luxurious lives generally that induce that state of the system called "nervous exhaustion." But the direct cause of nervous prostration is certainly fatigue, which may be produced in many ways, by too much worry, by too little sleep, by excess of any kind. The hard mental workers can be encouraged by this doctrine and the idlers can take warning. It is good for the brain to be active, and so far from being injured by severe labor, carried on under normal conditions, the brain is improved. It is the abnormal conditions of excitement and dissipation that produce nervous prostration, which is much more French than American.—*Boston Journal.*

THE AMERICAN-GERMAN WAR.—Act Act 1. The Lasker resolution.

Minister Sargent, quoting from his standard fifth reader, for use in high schools and academies:

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell
When Thomie Ochiltree and Lasker fell."

Bismark—She didn't.
Sargent—She did.
B.—She didn't.
S.—She did.
B.—Didn't.
S.—Did.
B.—Didn't.
S.—Did.
B.—Didn't.
S.—Did.
B.—Din.
S.—Did.
B.—Din.
S.—Did.
B.—'Nother!
S.—Fightin' one!
B.—Fightin' one an' dassent take it up!

(They clinch—in their minds.)

Act II They Emperor's birthday dinner.

Minister Sargent—I never said it.

Prince Bismarck—I never said you said it.

Prince—I never said you said I said you said it.

The Kaiser of Kaisefville—Embrace me, children.

(They all feed. While they chew their victles white-winged Peace comes in and broods over the crowd, like a Cochin hen trying to cover six dozen eggs.)—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Men from 21 to 65 years of age may frequently be seen playing marbles in the streets of Angel's Camp, Cal.

From the Whitehall Times.

A Y'S FARMER.

There is a farmer who has Y's
Enough to take his P's,
And study nature with his I's,
And think of what he C's

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's,
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's,
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also sells his hoes

"ABOUT HALF A PINT."

There is something in the present two-for-a-cent attitude of the Democratic party on the issue of Reform, as contrasted with the large and breezy manner in which it swung out a few years ago for all sorts of reforms of the most sweeping character, that somehow reminds us of the experience a wholesale dealer had a while ago with a well dressed customer of dignified manners and p easing address, who said he would like a sample of some gin, as he intended purchasing a few barrels if he could find some that suited him. The dealer responded with alacrity. In the course of the next half-hour the genteel customer managed to get outside of several "snifters" while he entertained the dealer with reminiscences of some excellent gin he had in 1837 which this reminded him of At length he said he liked the gin very much, but wouldn't give his order just then he had one or two other matters to attend to and would call again.

In the course of an hour or two, sure enough, he did come in again. This time he said he was going to buy a barrel of gin—only one—and would like to sample and select it. While this sampling was going on he repeated the same story about the gin of 1837 and managed to absorb three or four "corkers." Then he selected the barrel he liked best, and remarking that he would presently come round with a carman, pay for it, and take it away, again departed.

An hour or two later he came in and said he had been disappointed in finding a carman and consequently couldn't take the barrel away to-day, but the gin reminded him so much of that he had in 1837 that he thought he must take a gallon of it with him anyway, and send for the rest the next day He had forgotten which barrel it was, however, and would have to find it with a proof glass. By this time the dealer had begun to comprehend that this was getting to be a transaction in which there was a great deal of sample for a very little sale He accordingly stopped short and looked the genteel customer in the eye.

"Look here, my venerable friend," said he, "do you want to buy any gin?"

The genteel customer was somewhat taken aback by the abruptness of the question, but gathering himself answered confidently: "Why, yes, of course I do."

"Then you've got to take it now for I'm tired of hearing you smack your lips and talk about that gin of 1837. How [illegible] genteel customer hesitated "Well" said he, "if you can give me a few days time on it, I would like"—drawing out a small black bottle—"half a pint—in this"

And the dealer didn't give him time—didn't give him enough to get outdoors

The Democratic party have been playing the same dodge on the people that the genteel customer did on the liquor dealer, promising wholesale transactions in Reform—as he did in gin—and taking tastes of power by way of sample. A few years ago they were flinging up their hats and their hands, bringing out their banners for all sorts of Reform; Civil Service Reform, Administrative Reform, everything except Temperance Reform. And they talked about Jeffersonian standards just as the genteel customer did about the 1837 gin. They have been tasting power occasionally, as the genteel customer did for a sample, and with the same result, they have [illegible] Reform a wholesale business in Reform they have dwindled down to much less than an ordinary retail trade

Having backed down from Civil Service and the other reforms, they are asked with some impatience by the American People

"Are you in favor of *any* reform?"

"Well, yes," they say hesitatingly; "we are in favor of Revenue Reform."

"And how much do you want?" thundered the People. It is Mr William A. Morrison who takes out of his pocket a little bit of a tariff bill and answers in a timid way "About a half a pint—in this."

And on his two-cent transaction he asks, and keeps asking, for "time."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SLEEP.—Sleep is to the brain what rests is to the muscles. Sleep is a craving more importunate than hunger. Among some of the ancients, deprivation of sleep was used as a punishment. This cruelty was inflicted by the Romans upon Perseus, and the Carthaginians deprived Regulus of his eye lids in order to make him so far sleepless.

There are three kinds of sleep First, natural; second pathological; third artificial.

The length of time that should be devoted to natural sleep it is not easy to determine. A maxiom of the school of Salerno runs thus

Rise at six and eat at ten,
Eat at six and bed at ten;
Ten times ten years
You may live then.

A child spends more than half of its life in sleep. An adult should spend one third of his. The aged sleep but little, though in extreme old age the habit of infancy often returns.

Girls and women require more, but generally get less than men. An hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than an hour after midnight. Saint Francis of Sales used to say, that "Early rising preserves health and holiness."

Insomnia, or sleeplessness is common, especially among mothers with young children, among the victims of overwork and anxiety. Students in College often complain of sleeplessness. It is a perilous thing to resort to drugs. The only real cure is found in physical labor. Fatigue from exercise in the open air is almost invariably followed by sound sleep.—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

Emma Abbott says the acoustic properties of the Mormon Temple are better than those of any other building she every sang in; so good, indeed, that once she stood at one end of it and "heard one single pin dropped into a man's hat" at the other end. And it wasn't a rolling pin, either.

THE "LONG-RANGED ROARER OF CALAVERAS CANYON."

About the year 1851 the most influential man in San Antonia was an alleged desperado named Bob Augustine. Bob came to San Antonio with a fearful record. He enjoyed the reputation of having killed a dozen or so of men, and was respected accordingly. While he was in San Antonio he did not reduce the census at all, but that was not his fault. He had a seductive way of drawing his eighteen-inch Arkansas toothpick and examining it critically with a sinister smile while humbly requesting the temporary loan of $5. Thus it was that Bob went about acquiring wealth and warm personal friends, but creating no funerals. There were rumors that Bob was playing bluff, but that was after he had marched away.

It was during the reign of Bob Augustine, "the long ranged roarer of Calaveras Canon," as he familiarly called himself, that a young man from Boston named John Winthrop, came to San Antonio, presumably in search of health, as he brought very little with him. He was far gone in consumption, and nothing but the fact that he had a short time to live, unless the climate of Western Texas saved him, induced him to come to San Antonia. As everybody carried a pistol, Winthrop did not care to insult public decency by going unarmed. Besides, such a course might as seriously interfere with his restoration to health as putting on a clean shirt.

His Puritan training caused him to revolt at the idea of carrying firearms, so he resorted to artifice. He wore a hostler, but, instead of keeping a pistol in it, he had his cash funds stored away in it, and nobody was the wiser for it. On the contrary, Winthrop was looked up to by the best citizens just the same as if he was loaded down with deadly weapons. Of course, everybody tried to make the stranger from Massachusetts feel as comfortable as if he were at home; so he was told all about Bob Augustine, the long-ranged roarer, at least ten times a day, and he was advised not to be particular in asking security for the debt in case the roarer wanted to borrow a small loan, unless he (Winthrop) did not wish to regain his health.

The long-ranged roarer sauntered into Winthrop's room at the hotel, but before the desperado could open his mouth or draw a weapon the unfortunate Yankee threw back his coat, and with trembling fingers tugged at his pistol hostler to get at his money to appease the would-be assassin. On the other hand, as soon as the roarer saw Winthop trying to get out his pistol he turned as pale as a ghost. The alleged desperado's knees knocked together, the cold sweat boiled out all over him, and he extended his hand and said, tremblingly

"Don't draw, good Mr. Yankee. I was only trying to fool you. My bold Arkansas heart beats for you, my boy. I jest wanted to teach you a lesson. Never let any durned galoot get the drop on you. If anybody insults you just tell them that Bob Augustine, the roarer, is your friend."

Winthrop, who was more scared, if possible, than the roarer, replied:

"Oh, I'll give you what you want," and kept on tugging at the hostler, which came unbuckled.

With a yell of dismay the desperado passed out through the window, carrying off the sash, and ran down Commodore street, the principal thoroughfare, with the sash on his neck, howling "Police! police!" closely pursued by Winthrop, who kept tugging at his holster, trying to get out his money, he believing that the desperado was running to his room to procure a shotgun with which to Winthrop kept on hunting the roarer, to purchase peace on any terms, and the roarer had himself to avoid the pistol of the Boston man. Next morning the long-ranged roarer of the Calaveras canon was missing and Winthrop was the lion of the day for having run off the terror of the Alamo city.—*Galveston News.*

CONCERNING TACT.

The nobler creature man yet lacks one or two points of being perfect, and among these may be counted a rather general absence of tact. To most women tact is inborn, to very few men is it even possible to acquire it.

The feminine mind, it is true, delights overmuch, as a general thing, in crooked speech. An invasion is a delight, and a white lie a fearful joy. Man, on the contrary—man au naturel—is painfully blunt and honest. It might almost be said, indeed, that the very best men cannot possess tact. It is an impossibility to their natures. The habit of thought before speech cannot be acquired. A hearty genial college professor, most well-intentioned and tactless of men, was requested by his wife to entertain a lady visitor until the hostess herself had finished her toilette. Descending to the reception room our professor beamed upon the guest with a smile whose kindly warmth must have gone far to overcome the effects of the wild storm which raged outside. "A terrible day, professor," began the lady with a pleasant smile. "Indeed it is, madame," the honest gentleman rejoined, "a wild day. I was just saying to my wife that those who had homes to-day had better stay in them." A sudden rigidity settled upon the countenance of the lady, and the professor could not understand why she listened so coldly to his description of a fern which he had recently discovered.

Rather worse than the professor was a mild old pastor with a small and peppery wife. So small she was that if she wished to touch his toe at the dining table, in conjugal warning, she was obliged to slip far down in her chair, almost disappearing from view. At the same instant a corresponding rise might be observed in the pastor He also betrayed himself by a hurried "Eh, my dear? What?" Upon being admonished that this would not do, he promised to mend. Very soon a brother clergyman dined with him and, absorbed in the discussions of the lost tribes, he unconsciously served to his guest nearly the whole of a dish of rare and early peas At this juncture the wife sank almost from view below the table's horizon. The minister was like a reverend Jack-in-the-box, and began "Eh?" Then recollec

The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, JOSHUA PEIRCE.

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 17, '84.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Convention at Harrisburg, yesterday, was a gathering of the representatives of the people. The machine of former years was not there, and the delegates who met together were sent by the Republicans of the State to select a Congressman at Large, and select delegates to the National Convention. William B. Waddell, of Chester, was made temporary chairman. In the course of his remarks on taking the chair, he said that it was the duty of the Convention to select men for Chicago who would truly represent the known preferences of the Republican masses of the State. This allusion to Blaine called forth loud applause. In a motion to instruct the Delegates at Large to support Mr. Blaine, the vote stood 200 for so instructing and 37 against.

After the recess ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow was chosen chairman without opposition. In his speech he referred to the fact that every cherished law which had been put on the statute books in twenty-five years had been placed there in spite of the opposition of the Democratic party—the tariff laws, the homestead act, the resumption of specie payments, and everything that had been chiefly instrumental in promoting the welfare of the country. He then dissected the absurd tariff plank adopted by the Democratic party at Allentown. He wanted to know of what use to a progressive Nation was a party with all hindsight and no foresight.

The Democratic party was for free trade, and it would degrade labor and sow the seeds of National decay. He was for a protective tariff which would secure the laborer of this country a comfortable living for himself and family. Cheapness of commodities is not to be desired when it comes at the expense of the wages of the laboring man. In ninety-nine cases out of 100 a reduction of duties would not reduce the price of goods to consumers. Free trade, he thought, was merely a logical theory based upon mistaken facts. Mr. Grow was loudly applauded.

On motion of Charles Emery Smith, of Philadelphia, Mr. Cooper was re-elected chairman of the State Committee. The convention then took up the question of basing the delegate representation upon the Republican vote in each district. It was shown that under the present system a Republican county like Lancaster, with its 8,000 or 9,000 Republican majority, has about the same representation in the State Convention as a Democratic county like Berks, which gives 5,000 or 6,000 Democratic majority. The question was discussed as affecting the representation in the National Convention, the injustice of the present system being freely denounced. But the representatives of the rural districts said that such a change would give Philadelphia and Pittsburg practical control of the future State Conventions, and the whole subject was laid upon the table by a vote of 143 to 84. The report of the Committee on Resolutions with its instructions for Blaine and Lincoln was then adopted unanimously. The mention of Arthur's name was applauded, but with nothing like the vigor that was shown in applauding Blaine. The question of adopting a rule requiring the primaries for the choice of delegates to be held on the same day throughout the State was laid over on the report that it would be difficult to carry it out under existing laws.

General Edwin S. Osborne, of Wilkesbarre, was nominated on the third ballot for Congressman at Large. The District delegates from this district to the National Convention are J. P. Hale Jenkins, of Montgomery, and Robert M. Yardley, of Bucks county. Alfred M. Fackenthal, of Doylestown, is the Elector for this district, and B. F. Gilkeson is Bucks county's representative on the State Committee.

The platform is as follows:

The Republican party of Pennsylvania in convention assembled, makes the following declaration of principles:

First.—We congratulate our fellow Republicans upon the re-established unity and harmony of the party which has restored Pennsylvania to her rightful place in the Republican column. We recognize that the partisan course of the Democratic State Administration, which was the accidental fruit of Republican divisions, has contributed to Republican concord, and that the fidelity of the Republican Senators and Representatives in defending the rights of the people, and resisting the needless and unjustifiable expenditure of more than half a million dollars in a fruitless extra session, has aided in cementing this union.

Second.—We unqualifiedly approve and demand the continuance of that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of National independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development, and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor, and we denounce all attempts to reduce the rates of the tariff below the level which will accomplish these objects.

Third.—While reviving no past difference, and earnestly seeking good-will between the sections of our common country, we insist that the guarantees of the Constitutional amendments shall be faithfully observed; we demand that every citizen shall be protected in his right to cast a free ballot and have it honestly counted; and we denounce every attempt to deny or abridge this right, whether by fraud or by violence.

Fourth.—That as a dual standard of the precious metals can only be maintained by the concurrence and co-operation of the commercial nations of the world, and as this cannot be had at the present time and as the attempt to maintain such a standard by the United States alone is calculated to produce serious complications in our monetary system, it is earnestly recommended to our Senators and Representatives in Congress that they urge such legislation as will suspend the coinage of the standard silver dollar until united action with the other nations can be had.

Fifth.—That we also recommend the retirement of the trade dollar in exchange for Standard dollars without increasing the monthly issue of the latter.

Sixth.—That by the integrity and wisdom of his Administration President Arthur has deservedly won the respect, confidence and commendation of the whole people.

Seventh.—We commend every effort to sustain and promote thorough civil service reform in all departments of the National and State Governments.

Eighth.—That James G. Blaine is the choice of the Republicans of Pennsylvania for President, and Robert L. Lincoln for Vice-President, and that the delegates-at-large, this day elected, be and they are hereby instructed to vote for them so long as their names shall be before the Convention, and to use all honorable means to secure their nomination.

—Mr. Cupples, the publisher of Miss McLean's "Cape Cod Folks," tells, as reported by the *Boston Herald*, some curious facts concerning the result of the libel suit which was decided against him and in favor of one of the characters in that book. "The strangest part of it," he says, "was the instantaneous effect of Nightingale's verdict upon Cedarville. Claims of all sorts began to pour in upon us, exorbitant in amount and from quarters unexpected, and, indeed, unheard of. Threatening letters promising the rigors of the law were abundant. This perfect storm of clamor was always a cry for 'backsheesh.' It had but one burden—money, money, money. Persons who had been paid or promised compensation; persons who had delayed for years in making mention of their wrongs: persons who had refused to bring suits because they had no claim, either made demands or increased them. We must either pay the entire village or fight it. Deliberately, and for many reasons, we preferred to settle. To-day, with trifling exceptions, every man, woman or child whose name is even casually mentioned in the novel called 'Cape Cod Folks' has acknowledged full satisfaction. No such person in the entire community has failed to advance a claim.

—At one of the Republican primaries in Youngstown, O., recently, John Gilmore, a puddler, who has hitherto quite prominently affiliated with the Democrats, appeared to vote. His right being questioned, he said: "Heretofore I have voted with and worked in concert with the Democratic party; but from this time on I am a Republican. I am a working man, and earn my bread by toiling in a rolling mill. For the past twenty years I have eaten heartily of Democratic promises, the party never having been in a position to place anything else before its hungry followers until last year. Now that they have had an opportunity, what have they done to make good the twenty years of promises? The first thing attempted was a reduction of the tariff, which is substantially an effort to reduce workingmen to a level with those of the underpaid English workers."

The Panama *Star and Herald* publishes the following, which it credits to the *Monitor Republicano*: "A wild boy was recently caught in the Santa Rosa mountains, in the vicinity of Tuncanhuitz. He was carried to that town and put in a well fenced garden, where he greedily consumed fruit, lettuce, roses, and the roots of several plants. He never spoke nor appeared to notice those who went to see him. He seemed perfectly harmless, but one day he seized a little child three years of age and began to eat it. The child's cries attracted attention, but before assistance reached the spot the young savage had devoured the flesh of the right arm and a part of the face. On seeing the child was about to be taken away he squeezed it to death in his arms. The wild youth is now chained up, but his captors are at a loss what to do with him."

—"Probably one of the greatest blessing that could be conferred upon society in its present imperfect condition," says the London *Times*, "would be a very stringent protection against bad and adulterated liquor. The crimes ascribed to drink are frequently due to the badness of the drink. The fluids retailed to the poor are in too many cases concoctions which madden the brain and ruin the digestion even when taken in quantities which would be perfectly harmless were the liquor genuine."

—An Irish orator, in a recent speech at Dublin, perpetrated a couple of "bulls" of the typical Irish kind. Speaking on the land question, he declared, with tremendus emphasis, "The country is overrun by absent landlords," and closing a magnificent peroration, he said, "I tell you the cup of old Ireland's misery is overflowing; aye, and it's not full yet."

—The Tariff plank in the Democratic platform will puzzle the brains of the clearest headed Philadelphia lawyer to decipher its meaning; that adopted by the Republican Convention yesterday at Harrisburg is so clear and plain in its language that its meaning can be perfectly comprehended by all.

—An entrance was effected into the mines at Pocahontas, Va., last week. A number of the bodies of the victims of the recent explosion were recovered, and the coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict exonerating the company from all blame.

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that taxes upon mortgages of real estate subject to local taxation are illegal, and the State Treasurer will compelled to refund $37,000 to various insurance companies.

—The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that a person within the sixth degree of relation to the defendant is incompetent as a juror.

—A bill compelling manufacturers of canned goods to put the date of canning thereon has been introduced in the New York Legislature.

MR. BLAINE'S SILHOUETTES.

Estimates of Character in "Twenty Years of Congress."

SUMNER IN WAR TIME.

Mr. Sumner, though five years the junior, was senior in Senatorial service to Mr. Fessenden, and had attained wider celebrity. Mr. Sumner's labor was given almost exclusively to questions involving our foreign relations, and to issues growing out of the slavery agitation. To the latter he devoted himself, not merely with unswerving fidelity but with all the power and ardor of his nature. Upon general questions of business in the Senate he was not an authority, and rarely participated in the debates which settled them; and he did more than any other man to promote the anti-slavery cause, and to uprear its standard in the Republican party. He had earned in an unexampled degree, the hatred of the South, and this fact had increased the zeal for him among anti-slavery men throughout the North. The assault made upon him by Preston S. Brooks, a South Carolina Representative, for his famous speech on Kansas, had strengthened his hold upon his constituency, which was not merely the State of Massachusetts but the radical and progressive Republicans of the entire country.

Mr. Sumner was studious, learned, and ambitious. He prepared his discussions of public questions with care, but was not ready as a debater. He presented his arguments with power, but they were laborious essays. He had no faculty for extempore speech. Like Addison, he could draw his draft for a thousand pounds, but might not have a shilling of change. This did not hinder his progress or lessen his prestige in the Senate. His written arguments were the anti-slavery classics of the day, and they were read more eagerly than speeches which produced greater effect on the hearer. Colonel Benton said that the eminent William Pinckney of Maryland was always thinking of the few hundred who came to hear him in the Senate Chamber, apparently forgetting the million who might read him outside. Mr. Sumner never made that mistake. His arguments went to the million. They produced a widespread and prodigious effect on public opinion and left an indelible impression on the history of the country.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

The House was filled with able men, many of whom had parliamentary experience. The natural leader, who assumed his place by common consent, was Thaddeus Stevens, a man of strong peculiarities of character, able, trained, and fearless. Born in Vermont, and educated at Dartmouth, he had passed all his adult years in Pennsylvania, and was thoroughly identified with the State which he had served with distinction both in her own Legislature and in Congress. He had the reputation of being somewhat unscrupulous as to political methods, somewhat careless in personal conduct, somewhat lax in personal morals; but to the one great object of his life, the destruction of slavery and the elevation of the slave, he was supremely devoted. From the pursuit of that object nothing could deflect him. Upon no phase of it would he listen to compromise. Any man who was truly anti-s very was his friend. Whoever espoused the cause and proved faithless in never so small a degree, became his enemy, inevitably and irreconcilably. Toward his own race he seemed often to be misanthropic. He was learned in the law, and for a third of a century had held high rank at the bar of a State distinguished for great lawyers. He was disposed to be taciturn. A brilliant talker, he did not relish idle and aimless conversation. He was much given to reading, study, and reflection and to the luxury of wealth which enabled him to gratify his tastes. As was said of Mr. Emerson, Mr. Stevens loved solitude and understood its uses.

Upon all political questions Mr. Stevens was an authority. He spoke with ease and readiness, using a style somewhat resembling the crisp, clear sententiousness of Dean Swift. Seldom, even in the most careless moment, did a sentence escape his lips that would not bear the test of grammatical and rhetorical criticism. He possessed the keenest wit, and was unmerciful in its use toward those whom he did not like. He illustrated in concrete form the difference between wit and humor. He did not indulge in the latter. He did not enjoy a laugh. When his sharp sallies would set the entire House in uproar, he was as impassive, his visage as solemn, as if he were pronouncing a funeral oration. His memory of facts, dates, and figures was exact, and in argument he knew the book and chapter and verse for reference. He was fond of young men, invited their society, encouraged and generously aided them. He was easily moved by the distress of others. He was kind, charitable, lavish of his money in the relief of poverty. He had characteristics which seemed contradictory, but which combined to make one of the memorable figures in the Parliamentary history of the United States,—a man who had the courage to meet any opponent, and who was never overmatched in intellectual conflict.

NEW YORK IN THE WAR CONGRESS.

New York sent Reuben E. Fenton, already prominent, popular, and strong in the public service; Elbridge G. Spaulding, who became useful and even eminent as an adviser in financial legislation; William A. Wheeler, afterward Vice-President of the United States; Theodore Pomeroy, the neighbor and confidential friend of Mr. Seward; Charles B. Sedgwick, of pronounced ability in the law; H. Van Wyck, who afterward sought distinction in the West; and Abraham Olin, subsequently well known in judicial life.

The ablest and most brilliant man of the delegation was Roscoe Conkling. He had been elected to the preceding Congress when but twenty-nine years of age, and had exhibited a readiness and eloquence in debate that placed him at once in the front rank. His command of language was remarkable. In affluent and exuberant diction Mr. Conkling was never surpassed in either branch of Congress, unless, perhaps, by Rufus Choate.

WASHBURNE, LOVEJOY AND LOGAN.

Illinois sent Elihu B. Washburne, already eight years a Representative in Congress, a man of courage, energy and principle, devoted to the Republican party, constant in attendance upon the sessions of the House, expert in its rules, its most watchful and most careful member, an economist by nature, a foe to every form of corruption.

Owen Lovejoy, though a native of Maine, springing from Puritan ancestry, and educated to the Christian ministry in the faith taught by Calvin, had the fiery eloquence of a French Revolutionist. Not even the exasperating wit of Thaddeus Stevens, or the studied taunts of John Quincy Adams, ever threw the Southern men into such rage as the speeches of Lovejoy. He was recklessly bold. His brother had been killed by a mob for preaching the doctrine of the Abolitionists, and he seemed almost to court the same fate. He was daring enough to say to the Southern Democrats, at a time of great excitement in the House, in a speech delivered long before the war, that the negroes were destined to walk to emancipation, as the children of Israel had journeyed to the promised land, "through the *Red* Sea." Among the Democrats the most conspicuous was William A. Richardson, who had been a devoted adherent of Douglas, and had co-operated with him in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. A younger adherent of Douglas was John A. Logan, serving in his second term. He remained, however, but a short time in the Thirty-seventh Congress. His ardent patriotism and ambitious temperment carried him into the war, where his brilliant career is known and read of all men.

MC CLELLAN'S MILITARY CAREER.

This ended the military career of General McClellan, which throughout its whole period had been a subject of constant discussion—a discussion which has not yet closed. The opinion of a majority of intelligent observers, both civil and military, is that he was a man of high professional training, admirably skilled in the science of war, capable of commanding a large army with success, but at the same time not original in plan, not fertile in resource, and lacking the energy, the alertness, the daring, the readiness to take great risks for great ends, which distinguish the military leaders of the world. For a commander of armies, in an offensive campaign, his caution was too largely developed. He possessed in too great a degree what the French term the *defensive instinct of the engineer*, and was apparently incapable of doing from his own volition what he did so well on the bloody field of Antietam, when under the pressure of an overwhelming necessity.

THE FRANKEST DEMOCRAT.

The new crusade against the President was begun by Mr. Vallandigham, who if not the ablest was the frankest and boldest member of his party. He took the stump soon after the adjournment of the Thirty-seventh Congress. It was an unusual time of the year to begin a political contest, but the ends sought were extraordinary, and the means adopted might well be of the same character. On the first day of May Mr. Vallandigham made a peculiarly offensive, mischievous, disloyal speech at Mount Vernon Ohio, which was published throughout the State and widely copied elsewhere. It was perfectly apparent that the bold agitator was to have many followers and imitators, and that in the rapidly developing sentiment which he represented, the Administration would have as bitter an enemy in the rear as it was encountering at the front. The case was therefore critical. Mr. Lincoln saw plainly that the Administration was not equal to the task of subduing two rebellions. While confronting the power of a solid South he must continue to wield the power of a solid North.

MR. SCHENCK'S PECULIAR POWER.

Robert C. Schenck was an invaluable addition to the House. He had been serving in the field since the outbreak of the war, but had been induced to contest the return of Vallandigham to Congress. His canvass was so able and spirited that though in other parts of the State the Democrats captured eight Republican districts, he defeated Vallandigham in a Democratic district. Mr. Schenck had originally entered Congress in 1843, at thirty-four years of age, and after a distinguished service of eight years was sent by President Fillmore as Minister-Plenipotentiary to Brazil. After his return he had taken no part in political affairs until now. His reappearance in Congress was therefore significant. He was at once placed at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, then of superlative importance, and subsequently was made chairman of Ways and Means, succeeding Mr. Stevens in the undoubted leadership of the House. He was admirably fitted for the arduous and difficult duty. His perceptions were keen, his analysis was extraordinarily rapid, his power of expression remarkable. On his feet, as the phase went, he had no equal in the House. In the five-minute discussion, in Committee of the Whole he was an intellectual marvel. The compactness and clearness of his statement, the facts and arguments which he could marshal in that brief time, were a constant surprise and delight to his hearers. No man in Congress during the present generation has rivalled his singular power in this respect. He was able in every form of discussion, but his peculiar gift was in leading and controlling the Committee of the Whole.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S BROAD MIND.

The character and ability of General Sherman were not fully appreciated until the second year of the war. He had not aimed to startle the country at the outset of his military career with any of the brilliant performances attempted by many officers who were heard of for a day and never afterward. With the [illegible] and discipline of a soldier, he faithfully and skilfully did the work assigned to him, and he gained steadily, rapidly, and enduringly on the confidence and admiration of the people. He shared in the successful campaigns of General Grant in the Southwest, and earned his way to the great command with which he was now intrusted,—a command which in one sense involved the prompt success of all the military operations of the Government. Disaster to his army did not of course mean the triumph of the Rebellion, but it meant fresh levies of troops, the prolongation of the struggle, and a serious increase to the heavy task that General Grant had assumed in Virginia.

General Sherman was a graduate of West Point, and while still a young man had served with marked credit for some twelve years in the army. But he had more than a military education. Through a checkered career in civil life, he had enlarged his knowledge of the country, his acquaintance with men, his experience in affairs. He had been a banker in California, a lawyer in Kansas, president of a college in Louisiana, and when the war began, he was about to take charge of a railroad in Missouri. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man who has so thorough, so minute a knowledge of every State and Territory of the Union. He has made a special study of the geography and products of the country. Some one has said of him that if we should suddenly lose all the maps of the United States, we need not wait for fresh surveys to make new ones, because General Sherman could reproduce a perfect map in twenty-four hours. That this is a pardonable exaggeration would be admitted by any one who had conversed with General Sherman in regard to the topography and resources of the country from Maine to Arizona.

Gen. Sherman's appearance is strongly indicative of his descent. Born in the West, he is altogether of Puritan stock, his father and mother having emigrated from Connecticut, where his family resided for nearly two centuries. All the characteristics of that remarkable class of men reappear in General Sherman. In grim, determined visage, in commanding courage, in mental grasp, in sternness of principle, he is an Ironside officer of the Army of Cromwell, modified by the impulsive mercurial temperament which eight generations of American descent, with Western birth and rearing, have impressed upon his character.

A GENEROUS TRIBUTE TO GRANT.

General Grant's active service in the field closed with the surrender of Lee. All the commanders of Confederate forces followed the example of their General-in-Chief, and before the end of the month the armed enemies of the Union had practically ceased to exist. The fame of General Grant was full. He had entered the service with no factitious advantage, and his promotion, from the first to the last, had been based on merit alone—without the aid of political influence, without the interposition of personal friends. Criticism of military skill is but idle chatter in the face of an unbroken career of victory. General Grant's campaigns were varied in their requirements, and, but for the fertility of his resources and his unbending will, might often have ended in disaster. Courage is as contagious as fear, and General Grant possessed in the highest degree that faculty which is essential to all great commanders—the faculty of imparting throughout the rank and file of his army the same determination to win with which he was himself always inspired.

One peculiarity of General Grant's military career was his constant readiness to fight. He wished for no long periods of preparation, lost no opportunity which promptness could turn to advantrge. He always accepted, without cavil or question, the position to which he might be assigned. He never troubled the War Department with requests or complaints, and when injustice was inflicted upon him, he submitted silently, and did a soldier's duty. Few men in any service would have acquiesced so quietly as did General Grant, when at the close of the remarkable campaign beginning at Fort Henry and ending at Shiloh, he found himself superseded by General Halleck, and assigned to a subordinate command in an army whose glory was inseparably associated with his own name. Self-control is the first requisite for him who aims to control others. In that indispensable form of mental discipline General Grant exhibited perfection.

When he was appointed Lieutenant General, and placed in command of all the armies of the Union, he exercised military control over a greater number of men than has any general since the invention of fire arms. In the campaigns of 1864 and 1865, the armies of the Union contained in the aggregate not less than a million of men. The movements of all the vast forces were kept in harmony by his comprehensive mind, and in the grand consummation which insured Union and Liberty, his name became inseparably associated with the true glory of his country.

LINCOLN'S GREATEST TRAITS.

Mr. Lincoln united firmness and gentleness in a singular degree. He rarely spoke a harsh word. Ready to hear argument and always open to conviction, he adhered tenaciously to the conclusions which he had finally reached. Altogether modest, he had confidence in himself, trusted to the reasoning of his own mind, believed in the correctness of his own judgment. Many of the popular conceptions concerning him are erroneous. No man was further than he from the easy, familiar, jocose character in which he is often printed. While he paid little attention to form or ceremony he was not a man with whom liberties could be taken. There was but one person in Illinois outside of his own household who ventured to address him by his first name. There was no one in Washington who ever attempted it. Appreciating wit and humor, he relished a good story, especially if it illustrated a truth or strengthened an argument, and he had a vast fund of illustrative anecdote which he used with the happiest effect. But the long list of vulgar, salacious stories attributed to him were retailed only by those who never enjoyed the privilege of exchanging a word with him. His life was altogether a serious one—inspired by the noblest spirit, devoted to the highest aims. Humor was but an incident with him, a partial relief to the melancholy which tinged all his years.

He presented an extraordinary combination of mental and moral qualities. As a statesman he had the loftiest ideal, and it fell to his lot to inaugurate measures which changed the fate of millions of living men, of tens of millions yet to be born. As a manager of political issues, and master of the art of presenting them, he has had no rival in this country unless one be found in Jefferson. The complete discomfiture of his most formidable assailants in 1863, especially of those who sought to prejudice him before the people on account of the arrest of Vallandigham, cannot easily be paralleled for shrewdness of treatment and for keen appreciation of the reactionary influences which are certain to control public opinion. Mr. Van Buren stands without a rival in the use of partizan tactics. He operated altogether on men, and believed in self-interest as the mainspring of human action. Mr. Lincoln's aquity was of a far higher and broader character. There was never the slightest lack of candor or fairness in his methods. He sought to control men through their reason and their conscience. The only art he employed was that of presenting his views so convincing as to force conviction on the minds of his hearers and his readers.

There has been discussion as to Mr. Lincoln's religious belief. He was silent as to his own preference among creeds. Prejudice against any particular denomination he did not entertain. Allied all his life with Protestant Christianity, he thankfully availed himself of the services of an eminent Catholic prelate—Archbishop Hughes of New York—in a personal mission to England, of great importance, at a crisis when the relations between the two countries were disturbed and threatening. Throughout the whole period of the war he constantly directed the attention of the Nation to dependence on God. It may indeed be doubted whether he omitted this in a single state paper. In every message to Congress, in every proclamation to the people he made it prominent. In July, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, he called upon the people to give thanks because "it has pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people and to vouchsafe signal and effective victories to the Army and Navy of the United States," and he asked the people "to render homage to the Divine Majesty and to invoke the influence of His Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion." On another occasion, recounting the blessing which had come to the Union, he said: "No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out, these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy." Throughout his entire official career—attended at all times with exacting duty and painful responsibility,—he near forgot his own dependence, or the dependence of the people, upon a Higher Power. In his last public address, delivered to an immense crowd assembled at the White House on the 11th of April, to congratulate him on the victories of the union, the President, standing as he unconsciously was in the very shadow of death, said reverently to his hearers: "In the midst of your joyous expression, He from whom all blessings flow must first be remembered."

—A bill has passed the New Jersey Legislature admitting women as foreign commissioners of deeds.

DYNAMITE SHOT WITH A POPGUN.

Three shots, one with a projectile weighing nineteen pounds and two with projectiles weighing seventeen pounds each, were fired across the Narrows yesterday from Fort Hamilton to Fort Wadsworth with the new dynamite air gun. The gun is merely a seamless brass tube quarter of an inch thick and forty feet long, with a four-inch smooth bore. The propelling power is simply an air compressor, supplying about five hundred pounds pressure to the square inch. The projectiles used were four feet long. They were loaded with lead instead of dynamite, and feathered with a stick of wood not unlike a brass-covered base ball bat.

This gun is the invention of D. M. Mefford, W. A. Bartlett, and George H. Reynolds. The patent is owned by H. D. Windsor of the American Torpedo Company. The experiments yesterday were part of an elaborate series ordered by Secretary Lincoln of the War Department, and carried out under the direction of Col. Hamilton by Lieut. E. L. Zalinski of the Fifth Artillery. The experiments yesterday were witnessed by Col. Hamilton, Major Randolph, Captain Weir, Lieut. Wood, Lieut. Buckman, and Lieut. Roberts.

The same gun, at a previous test, sent a 24-pound shot across the Narrows with 500 pounds air pressure, striking about fifteen yards short of the target at 20° elevation. Another shot, with the same pressure at 25° elevation, went five yards to the right of the target. These figures, however, have no significance as to possible accuracy, for the gun has not been fired often enough to give the requisite data for accurate aim. The projectile is new, the propelling force is new, and the gun is new, so that many details are to be learned by experience; but the fact that a 24-pound shot can be sent across the Narrows with a popgun opens a wide field of possibilities when the use of increased air pressure and improved projectiles is taken into consideration.

The advantages claimed for the new gun, and now partly demonstrated, are simply stupendous. In the first place, the ammunition is much cheaper than powder. In forts and on board ship the steam power to compress air is easily available, and for field work the compressed air can be transported in flasks. The gun is not made dirty, and need not be cleaned. There is no smoke to reveal the location of the gun to the enemy, so that masked batteries may be planted with immunity. There is no more noise than is made by one puff of a starting locomotive. The propelling force can be measured as accurately as a guage can measure, and the force of the ammunition does not vary with the dampness of the weather.

The gun costs only about one-twentieth as much as other guns of its range, and can be built in almost any machine shop. The Delamater Iron Works, which built the one used yesterday, could turn out one like it every day in the year. In an emergency the entire coast could be studded with such guns in a few weeks. The propelling force used yesterday was only about one fifteenth of the explosive force of gunpowder. But the gun can be adapted to an air pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. The projectile is a torpedo in the air, much more dangerous than a torpedo in the water, because it can be sent more accurately and more swiftly.

The next dynamite air gun to be tried will be a six-inch bore, and will throw a dynamite shot weighing 112 pounds. Such a shell, it is calculated, would destroy any ship afloat and dismantle any fort. The experiments thus far have been made with a smooth bore, but later on a rifle bore may be used. Already some attempts has been made to rifle the feather of the projectile so as to secure accuracy of aim. It is not so necessary for the projectile to penetrate the object as with an ordinary shot, because it is the explosion of the dynamite, and not the concussion of the projectile, that does the execution.

The new gun looks very much like a telescope. In the vicinity of the experments yesterday there were many of the old fashioned big Dahlgren smooth bore guns mounted in the fort. The contrast in the appearance of the two guns was as striking as that between the Monitor and an old fashioned frigate.—*New York Sun, April 15.*

—It cost Jackson county, Texas, $100 to arrest and convict a fence cutter, who was fined $10 for his crime.

☞If your breath is offensive, your nostrils fetid and filled with putrid matter, and you are rapidly becoming consumptive, use Papillon Catarrh Cure; you will be purified and permanently cured. For Sale in Bristol by Serrill Douglass.

THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS.

His Outspoken Opinion.

The very marked testimonials from College Professors; respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character in the value of Warner's SAFE cure published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised me. Many of those gentlemen I know and reading their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is, the medical profession stands ridiculed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney remedy, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Warner H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy misfortunes which occasionally bring help to a suffering humanity.

Dio Lewis

MISCELLANEOUS.

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EIGHTH & MARKET STS. PHILADELPHIA
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LARGE CROPS OF
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Wheat, Grass, Oats, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Etc.,
Can be raised by using
BAUGH'S
$25 PHOSPHATE.

☞THIS IS A REAL AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE WHICH WE ALONE PRODUCE BY MEANS OF SPECIAL ADVANTAGES IN MANUFACTURING. IT IS NOT AN ACID PHOSPHATE.☜

PRICE $25 PER 2 000 LBS.,
In New Bags of 200 Pounds Each,
Free on board Cars or Boat in Philadelphia.

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YOU CAN BUY THE BEST
PIANOS AND ORGANS
AT YOUR OWN HOME,
WITHOUT RISK,
By availing yourself of our System of Business, which enables a child to purchase with the same advantage as the most experienced trader. Full particulars mailed promptly to any address. Send postal for information
WHICH WILL SAVE YOU TIME AND MONEY.
Do not fail to visit our establishment should you come to Philadelphia.
THE LARGEST STOCK,
The Finest Assortment in America.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
"Henry F. Miller," "Lindeman & Sons," and "Steck & Co." Pianos,
Besides many others.
The famous "Palace," "Smith-American" and "Sterling" Organs,
Besides other instruments of various styles and prices
C. J. HEPPE,
(Established 1865)
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Cor. Sixth and Thompson Sts.,
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50,000 PLANTS
For Sale Cheap.
WE offer cheaper and as good as can be had anywhere, a large lot of FRUIT TREES in variety; a good stock of SUGAR and NORWAY MAPLES, Evergreens, Shrubs, Vines, &c. Among the varieties of GRAPE VINES, Concord, Ives, Wilder and the first year STRAWBERRY PLANTS, CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, etc., etc. The cheapest and best stock of pansies ever offered by any florist in the State. Magnificent display of Roses, Lilies, Pansies, etc., etc.
Don't fail to visit our Greenhouses before Easter.
DE WITT'S GREENHOUSES,
Pond St. between Walnut and Franklin.

AMOS LIPPINCOTT, Agent,
The Veteran Tobacconist,
HAS REMOVED HIS STORE
FROM 57 TO 68 MILL STREET,
where he intends to carry on his business as heretofore.

SCRUPULOUS PRINCIPLE.
He keeps constantly on hand the best brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS.
Try the "Abago," the best five cent cigar in the market.
"Bachelor's Gift Edge" a new and favorite Tobacco, is highly recommended.
"North Star" and "Magnolia," Fine Cut Tobaccos Kept constantly in stock.
Cigarettes, and all kinds of Smoking Tobacco, Scotch and Maccaboy Snuff. Clay, Briar Wood and other Pipes in great variety. Remember the place.
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United States Bonds
EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.
Bristol Stove House,
10 & 12 MILL STREET,
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DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES,
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General House Furnishing Goods.
TIN ROOFING at bottom prices for cash.
Also, best quality of LEHIGH COAL, well screened and free from slate.
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A speed of FIFTY words a minute guaranteed in twelve practical lessons by mail. Reporting style taught from the beginning. Pamphlet free.
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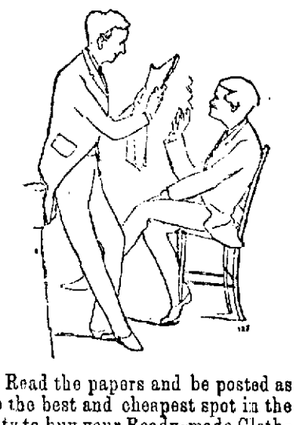
1308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
LINGLE & MCKNIGHT.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of WILLIAM H. PARR, late of Falls township, Bucks county, deceased.—Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to
JAMES W. PARR, Administrator.
Tullytown, Bucks county, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of Joseph Stackhouse, late of Bristol township, Bucks county, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate, are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to
EMMA G. STACKHOUSE, Executrix,
JOHN R. STACKHOUSE, Executor of Bristol township.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of Mary W. Field, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate, are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to
PIERSON MITCHELL, Administrator.

G. W. ADAMS, Dentist, Bristol, Pa. Patients from a distance need not wait four days in advance to ensure *immediate attention*. Out of office on Second-day.



Read the papers and be posted as to the best and cheapest spot in the city to buy your Ready-made Clothing. Our spring stock, now ready, is fine, well assorted and low priced.

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CHAS. W. PEIRCE,
Cor. Washington and Canal Sts.,
SECOND WARD,
Sells the Best Quality of
UPPER LEHIGH
COAL.
EGG, STOVE, CHESTNUT AND PEA.

OAK WOOD, Dry and Nicely Split for kindling.
☞Extra care in delivery of coal.

TRY THE AMBER SOAP.
The best and cheapest for family use. Sold by the principal stores of the town, or by the box at the factory.

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On and after November 18, 1883.
MAIN LINE.
Trains leave Broad Street Station.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.	
New York and Chicago Limited, with Pullman Palace Cars	*11 25 a m
Fast Line, Pittsburg and the West	*11 10 a m
Western Express	*1 10 p m
Pacific Express, West	*11 20 p m
Harrisburg Express	*4 20 p m
Niagara Express	*7 40 a m
Watkins Express	*11 10 a m
Erie Mail and Buffalo Express, daily except Saturday, on Saturday runs to Renovo	11 20 p m
Kane Express	(7 40 a m
Renovo Express	11 20 a m
Week Shore Express	(4 30, 7 40 and 11 20 a m
Chester and Media Accommodation	4 20 p m
Chambersburg and Hagerstown Express	(4 30 & 7 20 and 11 20 a m, daily, 11 20 p m. For Chambersburg only, 5 30 p m.
Shenandoah Valley Railroad every week-day at 7 40 a m. and New Orleans Express, via Luray and Chattanooga, daily at 11 20 p m.	
Harrisburg and York Express	*7 40 a m
Columbia and York Express	*7 40 a m
Harrisburg Accommodation	(7 40 a m
York and Hanover Express	(7 40 a m
York, Hanover and Frederick Express	(11 20 a m
Columbia and York Accommodation	(4 40 p m
Parkesburg Train, 7 45 a m and	5 45 p m
Downingtown

The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 17, '84.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN.

Single copies of the GAZETTE, in wrappers for mailing, at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., 4:00 and 6:40 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7:00 and 8:45 A. M., and 4:30 and 7:30 P. M. Closes 8:45 and 10:15 A. M., and 4:30 and 6:30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11:30 A. M. Closes 12:00 M.

UPPER VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EDEN—Arrives 11:30 A. M. Closes 11:30 A. M.

DELAWARE, TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 1:00 P. M. Closes 8:00 A. M.

TAYLORSVILLE—Arrives 10:30 A. M and 4:00 and 7:30 P. M. Closes 8:00 A. M., and 4:00 and 6:40 P. M.

ANDERSON—Arrives 10:30 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letter mail for New York City closes at 6:40. Post Office closes at 8 P. M. Saturday night at 7 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION—2.42, 5.35, 6.30, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 9.05, 10.25 A. M., 12.50, 1.38, 3.05, 3.21, 4.11, 5.43, 7.06, 7.31, 9.47, 11.20 P. M. Sundays—9.10, 9.00 A. M., 12.25 2.24, 6.08, 7.15, 9.27 P. M.

FROM KENSINGTON STATION—5.55, 7.23, 8.23, 9.45 A. M., 12.50, 3.21, 4.11, 5.43, 7.38 P. M. Sundays 12.25 and 6.24 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION—12.01, 6.05, 6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.00, 11.15 A. M., 12.01, 2.00, 3.25, 4.10, 5.00, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 11.15 P. M. Sundays—12.01, 7.45, 8.30, 9.45 A. M., 2.00, 6.00 and 8.00 P. M.

FROM KENSINGTON STATION—6.55, 7.45, 8.40, 10.10 A. M., 2.10, 3.30, 4.35, 5.55, 6.10 P. M. Sundays—8.40, 9.00 A. M., 5.15 P. M.

For Trenton.

12.01, 1.05, 2.25, 3.55, 4.22, 5.00, 6.05, 7.05, 8.00, 9.25, 10.41 A. M., 12.48, 3.01, 4.19, 5.25, 5.36, 6.27, 6.32, 7.09, 7.34, 8.36 P. M. Sundays—9.16, 9.48 A. M., 3.00, 7.09, 8.36 P. M.

From Trenton.

2.23, 7.58, 8.30, 7.08, 8.00, 9.25, 10.41 A. M., 12.45, 1.20, 2.49, 3.00, 3.50, 5.25, 6.52, 7.10, 9.18, 11.00 P. M. Sundays—8.23 A. M., 12.01, 5.00, 5.51, 9.18, 11.00 P. M.

For New York.

1.7, 7.50, 9.36 11.56 A. M., 5.36, 6.42, 7.09, 8.36 P. M. Sundays—1.05, 9.16 A. M., 3.00, 7.09, 8.36 P. M.

From New York.

6.20, 8.30, 11.10 A. M., 1.00, 3.00, 7.00, 12.00 night. Sundays—10.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA.—For Philadelphia, 7.30 A.M. and 4 P.M.
" From Philadelphia, 2 and 6 P.M.
TWILIGHT.—For Philadelphia, 3.00 P.M.
" From Philadelphia, 12 M.
SILVER STAR.—For Philadelphia, 8.30 A.M.
" From Philadelphia 2.30 P.M.
" For Bordentown, 4.30 P.M.

SOCIETIES.

Hermione Lodge, 109, K. of P. Washington Hall, Saturday evenings.
Hopkins Lodge, 87, I. O. O. F. Washington Hall, Wednesday evenings.
Unity Council, 21, Jr. O. U. A. M. Mohican Hall, Thursday evenings.
Mohican Tribe, Imp. O. R. M. Mohican Hall, Monday evenings.
U. Clay Beatty Post, 73, G. A. R. Mohican Hall, Every other Tuesday evening.
Bristol Castle, 105, A. O. K. M. C. Mohican Hall, Friday evenings.
Bristol Lodge, 25, A. Y. M. Masonic Hall, Saturday evenings on or before full moon.
Bristol Division, 107, Sons of Temperance, Cabero's Hall, Tuesday evenings.
Martha Washington Chamber, No. 2, O. K. F. Washington Hall, Thursday evenings.
U. Clay Beatty League, No. 29, L. L. L. Mohican Hall, Every other Wednesday evening.

—The new platforms at the Bristol station are a decided improvement over the old.

—There was no change in the Board of Vestrymen of St. James' church, at the annual election.

—The water scoop on the Pennsylvania Railroad at South Bristol will be completed by the 1st of June.

—Mrs. James Bruden died suddenly yesterday of paralysis of the brain. She had been a resident of Bristol for many years.

—It is reported that the Chestnut Grove excursion grounds, at Andalusia, are engaged for every day of the coming season.

—Rev. Herbert Stillwell, of Doylestown, has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Freehold, N. J.

—Dr. Horace T. Ivins, son of Isaac Ivins, of this place, has been elected secretary of the Homœopathic Medical Society of the county of Philadelphia.

—Rev. Dr. Michael Burdett has resigned the pastorate of the Bensalem Presbyterian church. He is 81 years old, and has been in the ministry 55 years.

—George W. Allen is fitting up the basement of his building at the corner of Wood and Mill streets, for an eating saloon, to be occupied by John S. Sailor.

—The cards are out announcing the marriage on the 23d inst., of Miss Florence T. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, and William T. Burke, formerly of this borough.

—On Tuesday a number of school boys, all under 16 years old, left their homes in Doylestown, with the intention of seeking their fortunes. They were pursued and three of them captured.

—The steamboat Columbia will commence making double trips to Philadelphia on Saturday next, leaving Bristol at 7.15 A. M. and 4 P. M., and returning leaving Philadelphia at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M.

—The formal opening of the parish building at Eddington will take place on Sunday next at 3 o'clock. Rev. J. W. Lee, of this borough, and Dr. Charles R. King, of Bensalem, are expected to be present and make addresses on the occasion.

—Rev. J. S. Cook, who was appointed to the charge of the M. E. church at Quakertown, was taken sick while preparing to move to that place, and deemed it necessary to resign the charge and will remain in Bristol. He has rented and moved into the parsonage of the Baptist church on Cedar street, adjoining the church building.

—A young son of George Nye narrowly escaped death by drowning on Monday afternoon last. He was playing on the float between the ferryboat slip and the Columbia's wharf, and slipped and fell. He had sank for the third time before he was rescued. Gustavus Mangold, a driver for George Hellings, dived after him and brought him to shore.

—On last Thursday evening District Deputy Grand Sir K. M., H. C. Gerhard, Assisted by Grand Recording Secretary, George M. Morris, and Grand K. W., Wm. Highley, installed the following officers elect, of Martha Washington Chamber, No. 2, O. K. F., in Odd Fellows Hall: Past Sir K. M., Raymond Busenman; Sir K. M., John MacCorkle; S. C., William H. Hall; J. C., Hugh Mackey; M. of R., Alexander Watson; Recording Secretary, Joseph W. Land; Financial Secretary, Robert Pharo; Treasurer, William P. Wright; Trustee, H. C. Bendere; Representative, H. C. Bendere.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A stated meeting of Council was held last Monday evening, at which were present all the members except A. Hoeding. The reports of committees being called for, the Ordinance Committee reported that a blank book had been prepared for the use of the Nuisance Committee in giving permits to store illuminating oil in the borough. The Fire Committee reported progress in the matters referred to it, and the Committee on Rules reported in favor of adopting the same rules as governed the last Council.

The reports were, on motion, accepted, and the report of the Committee on Rules adopted.

The report of the special committee on police was accepted.

The Constable reported that the Wood street wharf had been sold to Rogers Brothers, the Cedar street wharf to Dr. H. Pursell and William S. Silbert for one year for $5 each, and that there was no bid received for the Mulberry street wharf.

The question of the Constable's salary come up. A motion to make it $30 per month was lost. Yeas—Thomas B. Harkins, A. K. Joyce, A. Lœchner, G. A. Shoemaker and James Wright, 5. Nays—J. Wesley Wright, William S. Daniels, Nelson Green, Clarence N. Peirce, Joseph Sherman, Wm. Tabram and Jacob M. Winder, 7. A motion to make it $40 per month was then made and unanimously carried.

The following bills were then presented, read and passed:

Henry M. Wright & Son, relief orders	$11 40
Pennie Lyons Globe Gas Light Co., 25 lamps 1 month	41 67
Frank N. Boos, repairing lamp posts	2 00
Simeon Brooks, lighting lamps, 1st Ward	9 37
Wm Stuner, lighting lamps, 3d & 5d Ward	12 37
Charles Saxton, salary for March	30 00
Wm. Lauderbough, special police	46 66
W. H. Ackerson, special police	45 33
Patrick Rehill, work on streets	2 25
Benjamin Lauderbough, hauling dirt	7 50
Jonathan S. Wright, Jefferson ave. bridge,	1,300 00
Total	$1,508 55

An application from Joseph H. Foster & Son, to connect drain pipe with culvert at corner of Mill and Wood streets, was granted.

A petition for a crossing on Bath street was referred to the Street committee with instructions to report at next meeting.

On motion the Treasurer was authorized to borrow $500 for three months to pay current expenses.

The report of the Special committee on police was then taken up. A motion to adopt its recommendations was lost. A motion that Captain Levi Johnson be appointed a special police officer was lost. A motion that the Burgess be empowered to employ special police on Saturday nights and on Sunday and Sunday evenings, with an amendment that the ward constables be appointed such officers at a small salary, with the further amendment that the sum for such service be $1.00 for Saturday night and $1.50 for Sunday and Sunday nights work was lost. A motion that another Special committee be appointed to report at next meeting was lost. A motion that the Second and Third ward constables be employed to do police duty every evening and on Sundays at $20 each per month was carried, and on motion the Burgess was directed to discharge the present night police.

On motion a Standing committee was created to be called the Police committee. The Burgess appointed on this committee James Wright, George A. Shoemaker and William S. Daniels.

Council then adjourned.

CHANGES IN PASSENGER TRAINS.—A new schedule on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, began on Monday, April 7th. The trains for New York from Kensington Station, Front and Norris, leave 6.50, 7.40, 8.37, 10.10 and 11.15 A. M., and 2.10, 3.30, 4.55 and 5.35 P. M. Rapid transit trains run between Kensington and Holmesburg Junction. Passengers from Kensington for points on the main line of the New York Division east of Holmesburg, will change cars at Tacony, except when leaving Kensington at 6.30 A. M., to connect for New York, in which case the change must be made at Frankford. Passengers westward, from points on the main line of the New York Division, east of Holmesburg Junction, desiring to go to Kensington, will change at Holmesburg Junction.

—There will be an exhibit of "The Women's Silk Culture Association" in Horticultural Hall, on April 21st, continuing until May 3d. The association desire to show the progress they have made in less that three years, slowly but surely, and so quietly that many persons do not know there is such a society in existence. They will show a steam filature reeling silk and specimens of cocoons from a great many of the States, and the manufacture of American silk will be exhibited in its different stages. The Strawbridge & Clothier prizes will be awarded, for which there are many competitors. The President and Cabinet have been invited, and the influential men of Pennsylvania, and it will be celebrated as the Triennial of American Silk Culture. The price of tickets is twenty-five cents for single admission, or one dollar for the season.

—Prominent citizens of Quakertown are urging the people to file a protest against the building of the $2,000 engine house which the Town Council has decided to erect. The claim of the opposition is that it is entirely unnecessary.

—Henry V. Levey, aged 40, a wealthy resident of Trumbauersville, this county, committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself with a shotgun. He was dyspeptic and it is thought his mind was affected in consequence.

—The Postmaster General received a despatch a few days since stating that from and after the 15th inst. the Central Pacific Railroad Company will run a fast mail train from Ogden west, covering the distance between Ogden and San Francisco in thirty-nine hours. This will complete the fast mail system between New York and San Francisco and will save twenty-four hours between these points.

—Captain R. M. Andrews, aged 94, intends to walk from Sumpter, S. C., to Boston, starting April 20th.

MRS. PARNELL'S ENEMIES.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., April 15.—The wretches who for six months or more have committed repeated outrages on the property of Mrs. Delia Parnell, the aged mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, continue their persecutions. One entire half of the square of worm fence enclosing the peach orchard at Ironsides, Mrs. Parnell's beautiful residence near this place, was burned to the ground last night, the fence being fired in six different places. The loss was only $40 as it happened, but only a fortunately early discovery of the work of the incendiaries prevented a serious conflagration.

Shortly after the death of Miss Fannie Parnell the bereaved mother was beset by a series of petty persecutions. From time to time articles of value were taken from the house in a manner that left no clue whatever to the thief. In the intensity of her grief, Mrs. Parnell at first overlooked the thefts; a watch was set for the thief, but without avail.

Since last October scarcely a week has passed without some mysterious visitation to "Ironsides." One night a large number of valuable breeding fowls were found beheaded in their coops. On another occasion portions of the fencing were ruthlessly torn down. Later the tireless vandals evinced their vindictiveness by damaging trees and outhouses. During Miss Fannie's life her pets were two dogs, a handsome St. Bernard and a red setter. Wherever the young lady went the animals followed her. One night the vandals gave the animals meat dosed with arsenic and on the following morning they were found dead. On Friday, February 29, the cow which supplied Mrs. Parnell's dairy was found dead of arsenical poisoning.

O'Toole, the overseer, believes these crimes were committed by a number of men who had formerly been employed by Mrs. Parnell at "Ironsides," and who had, from time to time, been discharged from service for neglect of duty.

—Miss Edith Evelyn Jaffray, the youngest daughter of E. S. Jaffray, the well known merchant, was married to Poultney Bigelow, son of John Bigelow, at 3 P. M., yesterday, in the First Presbyterian church, by the Rev. Dr. John Hall. The church was decorated and a string orchestra played the wedding marches. Percy R. Pyne, Jr., was the best man. The ushers were Lieutenant George Percival Scriven, U.S.A.; William T. Blodgett, Lister Pim, Ballard Smith, Walter Trimble, Macgraue Coxe, Ernest Carter and Thomas W. Stiles. The bridesmaids were Miss Annie Bigelow, Miss Jennie Bigelow, Miss Marion Sharples, Miss May Taber, Miss Mamie Graham, Miss Fannie Babcock and Miss Anna Phillips. The young ladies made a charming appearance in costumes of white brocaded grenadine, with capes of white grenadine and bonnets of white tulle. They wore pins shaped like pansies and buttercups, the gift of the bride. The bride appeared in a white satin robe, with point lace vail, and wore pearl ornaments which her mother wore at her own wedding. A reception was held at the house of Mrs. Jaffray, No. 615 Fifth avenue, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The Crown Prince of Russia, a friend of the groom, sent his congratulations, accompanied by his portrait. Miss Jaffray, of London, a cousin, sent a service formerly owned by the Countess of Limerick. President Arthur sent flowers from his conservatory. The bride's parents gave a complete service of silver. Among the guests were Rear Admiral and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. David Dudley Field, Henry M. Taber, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Miss Becknith, Miss Wotherspoon, Miss A. Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Kernachan, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dodge, Professor and Mrs. Botta, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Woolsey, Mr. Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Miss Berrymun, Mr. and Mrs. William Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, and F. W. J. Hurst.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The tide of immigration setting toward our shores is subject to fluctuations, but there exists no reason to anticipate during the life of the present generation it will fail to reach the average height of the past ten years; immigration, therefore, continues to be one of the great economic questions of the country, and it involves a political problem of the highest importance, that of naturalization. That our naturalization laws are defective in many respects is notorious, and the demand for their revision will no doubt acquire added force from the publication of an article by Justice William Strong upon that subject in the *North American Review* for May. In the same number of the *Review*, Edward P. Whipple offers a candid judgment of Matthew Arnold, as a thinker and as a man of letters. Richard A. Procter, under the title of "A Zone of Worlds," writes of the vast multitude of the pigmy kindred of the earth, known as the asteroids. In "The Railway and the State," Gerrit L. Lansing essays to prove that the multiplication and extension of railroad lines, and the establishment of transportation, are hindred rather than helped by governmental interference. Prof. Henry F. Osborn, of Princton College, has a highly interesting article on "Illusion of Memory," Helen Kendrick Johnson contributes an essay on "The Meaning of Song." Finally, there is a joint discussion of "Workingmen's Grievances," by William Godwin Moody and Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of Harvard University.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the Detroit *Medical Age* denounces Schuylkill drinking water in unmeasured terms. He says he cannot even say of it as did the old toper, that it is "good enough to wash in." It appears that many of the large manufacturing villages use the river as a sink, there is, moreover, within two miles of the city's water works a thickly settled cemetery which, situated on a bluff at the water's edge, drains directly into the already contaminated stream.

—A novel feature in the dining room of a hotel at Niagara Falls is a colossal mirror, in which the falls are reflected in such a manner that the guests may admire while they eat.

—A Kansas woman wore a green veil to hide a scratch on her face. The blood absorbed the coloring in the veil and she died in three days from blood poisoning.

—A man at Oconee, Ga., who obtained judgment for $1,200 in a law suit, had just $75 left after settling with his lawyers.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

To the universally recognized five senses—sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch—Sir Wm. Dr. Thomas Reid, adds a sixth by dividing touch into the sense of roughness or of smoothness and the sense of heat. It has been suggested that we should also have a sense which can peaceive the remarkable force which is exerted by magnets. Every schoolboy knows how iron and steel are attracted, and Faraday discovered that if a piece of copper or silver is dropped between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet it falls slowly as if sinking through mud. To determine how this magnetic force is felt by the human system, Lord Lindsay and Mr. C. F. Varley made an electro-magnet so large that any person might place his head between the poles, in the centre of the powerful influence which resisted the fall of copper like mud. Sir Wm. Thomson declares that the result was marvellous, the wonderful thing being that not the slightest effect was perceived by the human body. He is unwilling to accept this experiment as conclusive, and thinks that it may yet be shown that we have a magnetic or electric sense—which, however, has nothing to do with what he terms "that wretched superstition of animal magnetism, and table-turning, and spiritualism, and mesmerism, and clairvoyance, and spirit rapping."

A Frenchman, Mons. W. de Fonvielle, has offered English railway companies a novel suggestion for detecting the presence of infernal machines in baggage. All baggage received should be laid flat on wooden tables supported by iron feet but not nailed to them, when the slightest noise made by clockwork in any of the parcels would become audible if a microphone were placed on each table.

Corrosive sublimate is said to be gaining favor among surgeons as an efficient antisept.c.

Mons. Pasteur has been continuing his researches on rabies, or hydrophobia, and believes that he has now succeeded in rendering a number of dogs secure from future liability to the disease by the plan of inoculating them with modified virus. If immunity from rabies were in this way secured in the whole species, the human race would have nothing further to fear from the disorder, since mankind is never affected except from virus proceeding directly or indirectly from mad dogs.

Besides nitrogen and oxygen, the air contains in smaller proportion carbonic acid, ammonia and certain nitrous compounds—substances which are very important to vegetation. Late researches at the French observatory on the Pic du Midi, about 9,500 feet above sea level, show that the proportion of carbonic acid in the air does not vary perceptibly with the altitude, as has hitherto been thought, and that ammonia is as completely diffused in the atmosphere as carbonic acid. By discharging or absorbing these two gaseous substances, the sea is believed to act as a great regulator of their supply keeping their proportions in the air remarkably constant and uniform throughout the world although the quantities withdrawn and added on the land must be incessantly changing. It has been supposed that the nitrous compounds are produced by electric discharges which cause the chemical union of the air's oxygen and nitrogen, and this view is confirmed by the fact that no traces of these compounds have been found on the Pic du Midi above the heights reached by thunder storms.

According to Archibald Geikie, F. R. S., a large part of the east coast of England is being worn away. In Holverness a strip of land more than a mile broad has been carried away in eight centuries, and in some places as much as five yards is yearly given up to the sea.

In the animal and vegetable kingdoms are found two distinct forms of fellowship in which dissimilar organisms live constantly together. In one form—that of parasitism—one of the associated organisms lives at the expense of the other, as, for instance, the mistletoe on the apple tree. In the other form, the advantage of the companionship is mutual, as in the case of the well-known hermit grab, one species of which picks up an empty shell for an abode and shares this and its food with a sea anemone, which in return protects its host by means of numerous long threads charged with a stinging acid which it shoots out on the slightest alarm. By experiment at Naples it has been proven that the compact between these two partners is so close that one is indispensable to the other. A still more remarkable illustration is drawn from the candle-nut tree of South America, which forms an alliance with a species of small black ant, to their mutual benefit. To this curious partnership, which appears to exist among many animal and vegetable species, but which naturalists are only just beginning to study, the name of symbiosis has been applied. At the last meeting of German naturalists, Prof. Hertwig pointed out that such interdependence of organisms may have played an important part in the development of species.

Animal life is very abundant in some parts of the world at great depths in the sea. This is illustrated by the fact that during last summer's explorations by the French steamer *Talisman* one haul of its net brought up from a depth of 300 fathoms, 1,000 fishes and nearly 2,000 crustaceans of different kinds. This capture was made in the Atlantic, near the Cape Verd Islands.

Platinum has recently been drawn into a wire so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol postoffice, Wednesday evening, April 16.—Miss Eureley Britton, Charles Danehower, Prudence Foster, Mrs Margaret Herrity, Wm. D. Hirst, T. W. Meredith, Mrs. Annie Perry, Ferris T. Price, M. D., Andrew Rohin, Patrick Reilli, Adolph Shaffer, Frank Stockhouse, Mrs. Mary E. Senh.

☞Fresh meat, juicy and tender, choice roasts, best steaks, excellent stews, nutritious soup pieces; beef, veal and mutton at the old established meat market at corner of Mill and Cedar streets. Charles H. Fenton, Proprietor.

—Electricity is now used as a motive power for toy yachts.

A PARADISE FOR GUNNERS AND ANGLERS.—The Chesapeake and Delaware Peninsula, comprising portions of the States of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, contains a square area of six thousand miles, and measures about two hundred miles by forty. Within this limited surface, and distant only a few hours ride from Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington, are to be found the finest sporting and fishing on the Atlantic coast. So abundantly has this favored region been endowed by nature with game of every description that it is worthy to be called "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers." Such indeed, is the title adopted for his book by a writer whose work now lies before us. His description of the Peninsula, and the advantages it affords to sportsmen, are carefully and accurately written, while the excellent engravings and maps with which his book is adorned add greatly to its appearance and value. This essential *vade mecum* of the sportsman may be obtained free by addressing J. R. Wood General Passenger Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia.

—John Lewis died at Franklin Furnace, N. J., recently at the alleged age of 104. The day before he died he was out of the house and took a long walk. Previous to his fatal illness he had never been sick. His hearing and eyesight were as perfect on the day he died as they ever were, and his memory was exceptionally good. He was born in Ireland in 1780. He had lived for some years with a great-great-grandson.

☞Next time you pass Hoguet's Pioneer Drug Store call in and ask for a copy of "Facts you Ought to Know." I will tell you all about Pomeroy's Petroline Porousted Plasters, and contains interesting information you "don't know" now. Free to all.

—The scaffold on which John Brown, of Ossawattomie, was hung was recently sold to a syndicate of relic hunters for $900.

☞ACKER'S BLOOD ELIXIR guaranteed; will cure all kinds of blood poisoning *inherited* or contracted. For sale by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—A Canadian woman has brought a suit for divorce against her husband because he had frequently yoked her to plow with a steer. The husband pleaded that it was the custom with market gardeners in his section near Windsor, Ontario.

☞GUARANTEED TO CURE a Cold or Cough—Acker's Celebrated English Remedy. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Henry Wheeler, of Hicory Flat, Ga., never saw a city, and has lived on his own land for 49 years. He has 122 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

☞HUNDREDS WHITE they owe their life and present good health to Acker's English Remedy for Consumption Coughs, Colds, &c. Sold by John K Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—The overland telegraph wire put up in Alaska many years ago after the first failure of the Atlantic cable, at an expense of $3,000,000, has been utilized by the Indians in making salmon nets. The wire extended over a distance of 900 miles.

☞ARE YOU MISERABLE through Indigestion, Sour Stomach, or Constipation? Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets we guarantee will relieve you. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—It is asserted that a woman in Appleton, Me., was married to a soldier nine hours after his death in order to obtain a pension as his widow.

☞ACKER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. Sold by us on a guarantee. For sale by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—There is a rumor in Paris that an attempt will shortly be made by dynamiters to blow up one of the public buildings in London.

☞ERUPTIONS, SORES, PIMPLES, RHEUMATISM are but indicators of impure blood. Acker's Blood Elixir is the remedy. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞The place to get pure medicines, fine chemicals, superior perfumery, toilet soaps, hair oil and pomades is at the Dorrance street Drug Store. It is also the place of accuracy, carefulness and low prices, and is conducted by Serrill Douglass, a graduate in pharmacy.

☞EVERY PROMISE backed by a guarantee, Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will give immediate relief. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Crescent Tobacco advertisement in another column.

☞ACKER'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS NEVER FAIL. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

MARRIED.

KING—BLACK.—In Bristol, March 16th, 1884, by Rev E. P. Shields, William A. King and Miss Frances S. Black.

BUCK—FOSTER.—April 10, 1883, by Rev. E. P. Shields, William A. Buck and Miss Eleanor S. Foster.

DIED.

BROWN.—In Bristol, April 16, 1884, Carrie Brown, in the 19th year of her age.

The friends and relatives are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her brother-in-law, James Randall, No. 47 Otter street, on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Funeral services in the M. E. church.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EVERY LADY

interested in Art Needlework, Fancy Work, and every branch of amateur Art Floricultire, Fashion, Cookery or Music should send 15 cents for the current number Strawbridge & Clothier's Quarterly, 120 pages, 4 pages new music and over 1,000 engravings each number. Address

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
Eighth and Market Sts.,
Philadelphia.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR THE BACK-WOODSMEN.

The most captivating narrative of early border life ever written. A Romance for Old Agents and splendid chance for Beginners. Agents are now selling 20 to 25 books per day. We want an Agent in every town. Send for terms and circulars free. The W. E. DIBBLE PUB CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS either sex, we have the newest, best, and fast selling articles in the world. Profits immense. Send 10 cts. for outfit, terms and particulars. Postal card will do. Address, at once, Hall Manf'g Co., 201 Canal St., N. Y.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, MALARIA, ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL. DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER. R. F. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Reliable GARDEN SEEDS! At Popular Prices. Z. DE FOREST ELY & CO'S NEW SEED STORE. 1123 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Catalogues mailed on application.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—SPRING GREETING.—

J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S PRIZE REBUS.

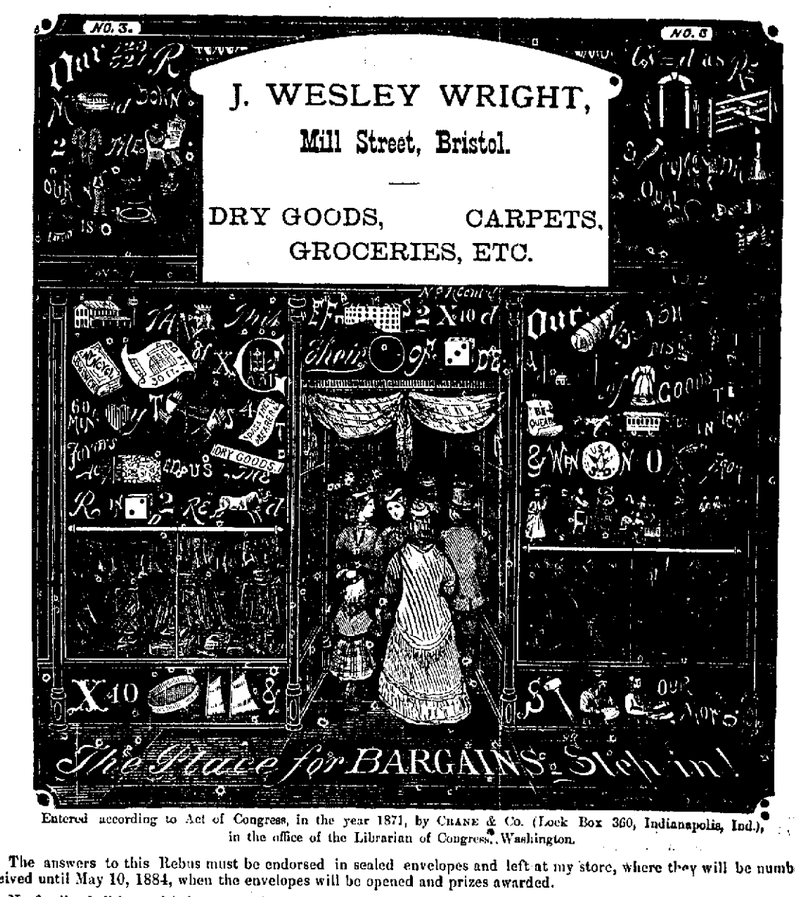
For the entertainment of our numerous friends and patrons we propose to offer the following prizes:

To the *first Lady Customer* who will bring to my store a correct answer to the following Rebus, a fine Silk Parasol, worth $4.00.

To the *first Gentleman Customer*, one hundred pounds good Flour.

To the *first Miss, under sixteen years of age*, a Dress Pattern for herself of any goods of her own selection, from our twenty-five cents a yard Dress Goods.

To the *first School Boy, sixteen years of age, or under*, Cassimere sufficient for a suit of clothes.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by CHANE & Co. (Lock Box 360, Indianapolis, Ind.), in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

The answers to this Rebus must be endorsed in sealed envelopes and left at my store, where they will be numbered as received until May 10, 1884, when the envelopes will be opened and prizes awarded.

No family shall be entitled to more than one prize.

WE ARE NOW OPENING A LARGE LINE OF SPRING GOODS AT VERY LOW PRICES, which we would be pleased to show our customers.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

Very much under last year's figures.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,

MILL STREET, - BRISTOL, PA.

DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING.

25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE.

S. W. COR. MILL AND CEDAR STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

SUPERIOR CANNED FRUITS.

NECTARINES, GREEN GAGE PLUMS, APRICOTS, WHITE HEATH PEACHES, BARTLETT PEARS, WHITE CHERRIES, AND GOLDEN DROP PLUMS.

These goods are packed at San Jose, California, and are, we believe, the finest Canned Fruits ever offered in this market.

THREE POUND CANS, 35 CENTS EACH; THREE CANS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

EDWARD H. FOSTER,

Dorrance Street.

J. REED OSMAN, M. D.,

Formerly Assistant in United States Army Hospitals,

HOMŒOPATHIST,

No. 144 Cedar Street,

OFFICE HOURS:
7 to 9 A. M.
2 to 4 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.

BRISTOL, PA.

Office Prescriptions, 25 Cents.

NEW ISSUE OF STOCK.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY having authorized the issue of 420 shares of additional capital stock of said company, subscriptions will be received for the same at par by Harold Pierce, Treasurer, at the office of the company at Livingston Mills.

The stock will be issued under date of July 1st, next. Persons desiring to pay their subscriptions prior to that date will be allowed interest on the same at the rate of six per cent. per annum, for such unexpired time.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, Secretary.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned would inform the public that he has taken the shop on

CANAL STREET BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND DORRANCE STS.,

where he will do all kinds of Blacksmithing. Special attention given to Shoeing. Satisfaction given.

FRANK S. MOSS, Bristol.

WANTED.—Good Agents in every township to canvass the best selling article out. Send 10 cents for package of one dozen. Samples with terms to agents. SWINK & TIPSON, 817 and 819 N. 11th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A FARM OF 74 ACRES TO LET. Situate on the Philadelphia and Bristol pike, two miles above Holmesburg. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

A FARM OF 43 ACRES TO LET. Situate on the Bustleton road near Holmesburg. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce street, New York.

FARM FOR SALE.

A FINE FARM OF 108 ACRES, belonging to the estate of the late S. Dana, deceased, situate in Falls township, within one mile of the Trenton bridge, and fifteen minutes walk or Morrisville Station, on the Trenton and Bristol turnpike, and lying on both sides of the Pennsylvania R. R. and the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal. Good land, no better in the county for farming purposes.

The improvements are a large stone house in good repair, two rooms and large hall on first floor, three rooms on second floor, and large garret, and another building attached having a large kitchen on first floor, and an outside shed, three rooms on second floor, garret, porch along the front of the house; a large barn, stable high stone, frame part boarded with plowed and grooved boards; barn in good condition; never-failing water, wood shed, lately put up; new carriage house, new piggen, corn crib. All out buildings in good condition.

This farm on account of its central location, and its unrivalled railroad and canal facilities, is a most desirable site for manufacturing purposes of any kind.

For terms and particulars, apply to

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TO FARMERS.

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Trips Resumed. THE STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA,

Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.15 A. M. and 4 P. M. Returning leaving at Dock street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2 and 6 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c.

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STEAMBOAT TWILIGHT.

The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 12 M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 3.00 P. M. Fare, 25c. Excursion, 40

KEEPING THE WATCHES.

We keep the watch together
Doubt and I.
In access of midnight weather,
Doubt and I,
Since I peering into darkness,
For shoaling rock and shoal;
Or I sinking in our weakness
From waves that o'er us roll.

We see the dark together,
Doubt and I;
And catch in darkest weather
The far-off eastern sky,
Where, robed in dazzling splendor,
Shines planet, star and sun;
Where, lost in truth eternal,
Doubt, Faith and I are one.

A GRAND ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

D. H. Talbot, an enthusiastic naturalist of Sioux City, Iowa, has published a circular letter and mailed it to many of our congressmen and others, with a view of having them take action while legislating on the National Park, to preserve our large wild game in such a way as to better study their habits, etc., but we will let Mr. Talbot tell his own story.

DEAR SIR:—"Permit me to offer you the following suggestion respecting an amendment to the bill now before congress relative to the National Park. During the past summer, while I was viewing the National Park scenery, I conceived the idea of how valuable this park would be to scientists and consequently to the world at large, provided that a part of it was set apart for a grand zoological garden. And, that since there seems to be some guarantee that the birds and animals—the latter such as are without claws—are to be preserved, at least so far as it is possible without strict confinement of these birds and animals, I think that for the present only such a garden should be established as would keep within its bounds the following described animals mainly: The grizzly bear, (Ursus horribilis); black bear, (U Americanus): cinnamon bear, (U. A. Var Cinnamonous.) And of the deer family the following: Moose, (Cervus Alces); Wapiti or American elk, (C. Canadensis); woodland caribou or reindeer, (C. Tarandus); Mule deer, (C. Macrotis); blacktailed deer, (C. Columbianus); common or Virginia deer, (C. Virginianus); barren ground caribou, (C. Tarandus). All of these and many other animals could be confined in a park or garden within the boundaries of the National Park, and by placing some one—an honest, competent observer—in charge, great benefit would be derived from the notes he would make, and which could then be published in like manner as the reports of the Smithsonian Institute.

"At present but little is known respecting the hibernating of various animals, and particularly of the several species of bears. In the zoological gardens in this country and Europe these animals are so closely confined that but little opportunity is given the animal to present his natural inclinations, or that which might be considered his instinctive qualifications. Again, I can find no record that a bear has ever given birth to a cub while in confinement; lions are not so disposed and more readily adapt themselves to the conditions of life into which they are placed, and often give birth to young while in confinement. A very interesting study is that of torpidity of animals, and one which in the near future will be of great service in working out many vexatious problems connected with the study of Nature. The location of the National Park is of very great value for his particular study; not that animals (and perhaps birds do not hibernate in warmer climates as well as in that latitude and altitude, but that the periods of hibernation would be much longer and thereby give greater length of time for study; and further, that for study during the summer (or breeding months) there could be no better place found. It is well that just such surroundings as are found in the park—the caves, dreary and lonely places amid rocks and underbrush, plenty of clear cold mountain water, and with the ever cool atmosphere of the high altitude there found—is Nature's breeding place for the largest of the animals we call 'game.' And while this is the fact respecting the advantages there found for the preservation of the family of bears, it is equally as serviceable for the propagation of the various deer of America. With the exception of that very valuable report upon the study of 'the antelope and deer of America,' by Judge Caton, of Illinois, we have but little knowledge respecting the habits of the antelope or deer of America; and this work is none else than Judge Caton's report of his study of the animals in question while in his private park in Illinois. Outside of this monograph we have absolutely nothing describing accurately these animals, and were it not for the energy and studious nature of Judge Caton, this interesting family of animals would have been but very little known.

"But a few years longer can we expect, with the grand waves of immigration now moving from east to west, west to east, that bears, deer and many other interesting animals can be found in the wild state; and shall we let them meet the ill fated hand of destruction, and to be known then in history only as the 'extinct animals?' I earnestly hope some action can be taken that will preserve at least a few of these noble representatives of the fauna of this country, and that too in connection with our park, which like our Ursus horribilis, is without equal. All the animals above named can be raised in the National Park, and I might add the 'mountain buffalo' is found on Specimen mountain, and it is claimed cannot be found in any other part of the world. Other animals I might mention which that climate would be suitable for raising in, and would alike prove of great service to the scientific world, are, antelope, Antilocapra Americana; mountain sheep, Ovus montanus; mountain goat, Aplocerus montanus; buffalo, Bos Americanus. The last I think would prove of great value by crossing with our native cattle for the purpose of producing a hardier breed of cattle.

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper is a business enterprise, and must be conducted purely on business principels. Men are constantly asking favors from newspapers, which means sacrifice of space representing money, who would never dream of asking lawyers to take their cases without fees, or their doctors to take their pay in thanks. The deadhead is disappearing from other departments of business life, and the newspaper deadhead, distinguished though he may be, must follow. Newspapers being business enterprises, must live in a business way. If the public does not support the best newspapers, it must expect to see the worst newspapers thrive. The good journal is a product rather than a force. It will not only reflect, but represent the age it lives in. It is true, and especially true of our own country, that newspapers in the hands of men having convictions, and believing that they could with this modern lever help to move the world, have accomplished great things. Without them the great movements of the past century for the furtherance of personal, political and religious liberty would have travelled at a snail's pace. But this was possible only because they had the support and sympathy of the best men and women of the community.

"You wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Courtland girl, last Sunday night. "I rather think I would, if you should ask me," was the response. He brought a ring next day.

RUSSIAN FARMERS IN DAKOTA.

A letter from Mitchell, Dakota, to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says: "In company with one of the young Jewish farmers of the Cremieux colony, your correspondent left Mitchell at daybreak for a visit to the Hebrew farming colony situated about twenty-two miles southwest of Mitchell. The 'Cremieux and Bethlehem-Judah' colonies, known now as the Cremieux Society, were founded through the advice of Michael Heilprin, a leading Hebrew of New York city, in August, 1882. There are now about seventy colonists here, but they claim they are only an advance guard, as it were, of those who are coming as soon as the great reservation across the Missouri river is opened up to settlement. Some of these Hebrews already have farms opened up and good farm buildings erected. Herman Rosenthal has a farm of nearly 1,000 acres, which he is rapidly putting in a high state of cultivation. He lives in a well-finished eight-room house, and has also good farm buildings. Bernard Flicht has a farm of nearly 500 acres, and has a good house and buildings, and many others are becoming comfortably situated. The great number of these colonists, however, came to the United States from two to three years ago with only enough money to pay their passage, and at once engaged in physical labor and commenced to learn the English language. One of the colonists, Prof. E. S. Maisbir, who, this winter, is Professor of the German language in the Mitchell High School, had engaged as a laborer on a railroad at Mitchell. His vocabulary of the English language was confined to a few words, and his knowledge of the use of a shovel was even more circumscribed. After a half hour's trial he was unable to swing his shovel with the gang, and the section boss discharged him with the threat that if he ever showed up there again he would break his head. The professor retired to a shady place, and consulted his dictionary on the term 'break his head.' He secured farm work, however, has taken a good claim, and will engage in farm work in the summer season with his mother and sister, who are now on their way from Russia, and a brother who is coming from New York.

"A commendable characteristic of these people is their patient perseverance. They have come to a strange land, where they are unacquainted with the customs and language of the people. They work hard, are practical and look at facts as they find them. They are saving, and not a dollar is wasted, nor is a cent spent for drink, and very few incur debts, and then only in case of urgent necessity. Some of the colonists are getting a good start in stock, but a number by hard work have not as yet been able to lay by enough to buy the much-needed ox teams. Their numbers will be largely increased the coming summer by relatives and friends who will come from Russia. The colonists have a private school at the residence of Mr. Rosenthal, taught by Miss Burnes, a highly educated lady. She is paid by subscription, and the school is well attended by the Russian children, who are all learning to speak English fluently. They are, as a people, fond of music, reading, and society. Even the lowliest have a good education, and the brawniest have a knowledge of music. In the long winter evenings, and on days when it is too cold to work, they collect together and pass away the time with music and dancing, and consulting together on matters of practical business. Parties are frequently held, to which their American neighbors are always invited and welcomed. There are now a number of Hebrew-Russian farming colonies in the United States, but they are all new as yet. The most numerous is that of New Odessa, Or., founded under the advice of Michael Heilprin, Dr. Julius Goldman, Edward Lauterbach and Judge Isaacs, all of New York city. They claim that the time will soon be here when Hebrew farmers will be no novelty in the United States. The colony, young as it is, and notwithstanding the fact that nearly all its members have commenced without a dollar, embarrassed by all the inconvenience of pioneer life, is self-sustaining."

A YANKEE IN RED PAINT.—The campoodies southeast of the town were the scene of unusual excitement the other day. It was accidentally discovered that one of the head sachems, who had lived on the Walker river reservation for years, was a white man. How the discovery was made is not stated. The Indians were so worked up over the discovery that the renegade, fearing for his life, came to town. Upon being interviewed by a reporter he said he was a native of Massachusetts and 47 years of age. He became entangled in a scrape when he was 18 years old, and running away from home followed the sea for two years. Arriving at San Francisco he joined the rush to the mines. After a pretty rough experience going from camp to camp he finally after the collapse of the Meadow Lake boom joined the Piutes at the Pyramid reservation. He remained there until he had fully mastered the language and habits of his dusky friends and then, painting himself and assuming the garb of the red men, came to Walker Lake, where in consideration of his able advice in the councils of the tribe he was elected a chief and allowed three wives. He says that although he sometimes longed for news from the Bay State he was perfectly content to remain where he was, as he found the roaming, independent lives of the Piutes just the thing for a man tired of the busy scenes of civilization. Now that he has the paint washed off and has donned a decent suit of clothes he is a very intelligent looking man, and it is a wonder that he could have kept himself from his race so many years. He will probably return to the home of his youth in a few days.—*Walker Lake Bulletin.*

Those who know anything of the history and habits of the raven might anticipated the results of the recent experiments at Coblentz, in Germany. These have conclusively shown that that prophetic birds is destined, to take the place of the carrier pigeon. The raven has certainly many advantages over his rival winged courier. He has superior courage, and strength sufficiet to meet the attacks of plundering birds. Apart from his wonderful keen sight and smell, and an instinct which teaches him to shorten distance—"as the crow flies"—he has shown himself capable, it seems, of telling and foretelling events. A Frenchman has spent two years in studying raven language. With the results of his investigations and special training of the raven on our part in sign and voice language, who can tell what an important service this commonly despised bird may yet be able to render.

According to the *Publishers' Weekly*, the memoirs of Heinrich Heine, which were left in the care of his widow, have been secured by, the *Gartenlaube*, and will soon be published in that journal. The 128 pages of manuscript comprising these memoirs were written by Heine during his last illness, and give a vivid picture of the home life of the poet during his early youth. His widow disposed of the manuscript to M. Julia, of Paris, who set upon it the sum of 100 francs per sheet, which he has obtained from the publishers of the *Gartenlaube*.

FAT WOMEN MADE THIN.

Miss Fanny Davenport, the actress, who is at the Continental hotel, has accomplished a most remarkable feat since last autumn. She weighed over 180 pounds when the steamer which carried her to Europe left New York last fall. Yesterday she walked on the platform of the scales at the hotel and tipped the beam at less that 132. "It's really a very simple matter," said she to a *Record* reporter, "for a fleshy person to get rid of the superfluous fat, if one only has the pluck to do it. I found that my disposition to gain flesh might eventually interfere with my professional success. For instance, I could no longer in 'Camille" carry out the idea that the heroine was a wasting consumptive. The wits began to fire their shafts at me, and I must get thinner or drop some of my best characters. So I made up my mind that thinner I would get."

"That must have been a great secret you discovered, then," said a friend standing near.

"Well, I think not, as I have it was a simple matter. I know some friends said I couldn't do it; that I could not give up my sweetmeats. But I did. It was a terrible struggle between my appetite and the purpose I had formed; but, as you see," said she, "I conquered my taste for sweet things and my natural indolent impulses. Result, a gain of minus fifty pounds. I could now look as consumptive in 'Camille' as Bernhardt."

"What was your physician's prescription?"

"Quite simple and entirely verbal. Exercise and diet. As soon as I reached Italy, where I remained three months with my sister, I walked twelve miles a day and began to live on toast, water and crackers. Before, I had eaten scarcely anything except sweets—candy deserts at dinner. Now, I give them all up. It was hard, no bon bons, no sugar in anything and nothing with sugar in it. A little beef—lean beef, and such things. I had nothing that I could eat. No tea, no vegetables except tomatoes, or such as vinegar could be used upon. Coffee was on the black list, but here I draw the line. 'Coffee or die," said I, and so I kept my coffee, but only in the morning, and generally I drink claret. I really believe that what I eat could be purechased for $1.50 a week, and I have oceans of tempting dishes before me every day, and then, most important of all, I have exercise. I have just walked nearly to the Park and back. I have never felt in better health in my life. The self-denial is something tremendous; but no diet, no exercise, no *Fedora* and no artistic success. Fat women cannot be successful as actresses, so, as I love my art better than my dinners, I give up the dinners."

"And you are getting used to it?"

"Oh, yes. Nostrums and anti-fat I would not take. Exercise, water crackers and claret I could."

One of Miss Davenport's intimate friends, who had not seen her since the transformation of a year, came in as the reporter was leaving. "Gracious, Fanny," she exclaimed, "how thin you are," and *Fedora* laughed.—*Phila. Record.*

A Representative in Congress was showing a party of friends, including a *Pittsburg Dispatch* correspondent, who tells the story, through the Capitol one day, when he suddenly stopped, pointed to a man who was crossing the rotunda, and inquired: "Do you know who that is?" "They didn't. "Well, what does he look like?" Seeing that the man in question evidently wore his big brother's trousers and had his hair cut by his mother, one of the party ventured to remark that he "looked like thunder." Then the Representative told them that it was Great Objector Holman, and added: "You ought to see his son. He is the dude of all dudes in this city full of them. When shoes are worn long, his projects several inches further than any other dude's. When low crowded hats are the style his looks like a mere pie pan turned upside down on his head. When it is good form to wear pantaloons tight, you can see his arteries beat. His life seems to be one long struggle to smoke a cigarette and suck a cane at the same time."

"Entirely Disappeared."

77 George Street,
New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 5. 1881.
H. H. Warner & Co.: *Sirs*—A severe attack of kidney difficulty entirely disappeared after using your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. JOHN B. INSLEE.

A Californian planted an eucalyptus tree in his yard ten years ago. For seven years he noticed no improvement or growth. At the end of that time, however, the tree shot up rapidly. Recently, while cleaning his well, he found the bottom matted with eucalyptus roots, which had forced their way through the brick wall of the well so as to get at the water. The well was fifty-five feet distant from the spot where the tree stood above ground.

☞What will cure Whooping Cough? That is a question asked every day. We can answer that we have found the remedy in Papillion Cough Cure. It never fails, and can be administered to infants without danger. It is perfectly harmless. For Sale in Bristol by Serrill Douglass.

AN EXCUSABLE MISTAKE.—"You've lost your umbrella cover, madam," said a gentleman to the bride of a Living Skeleton, politely handing her an article she had dropped.

"Thank you," she replied pleasantly, "but that ain't an umbrella cover. It's my husband's ulster."

☞My daughter was troubled with Heart disease for 5 years, given up by physicians, had sinking spells, constant pain, great swelling over heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgia extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within 3 mos.—Jas. Tilton, Concord, N. H. $1 per bottle at druggists.

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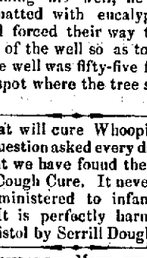

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EMERSON AND THE BOSTON REPORTER.—Mr. Emerson was once upon a time to read a paper before a select company of the cultured. It was assumed in advance that it would be a masterly effort, and of course, the newspapers were after it. When the philosopher mounted the platform the reporters were all ready at the tables below, to catch every word. Mr. Emerson espied them, and prefaced his paper with a request that no report should be made of his essay, as he intended to reserve it for later publication. Every reporter present save one put away his paper and pencils. The one exception fell to work with apparently more energy than if the sage had not asked him to desist. Mr. Emerson glanced inquiringly at him several times, and at length paused in his discourse and said: "In spite of my request not to be reported, I observe one of the gentlemen at the press table is making copious notes of my paper." Instantly every eye was turned upon the offending scribe. But he was not disconcerted. Rising from his seat and looking at Mr. Emerson with an air of injured honesty, he replied: No Mr. Emerson I am not doing anything of the kind. I was busy writing on a private work of my own." And such was, indeed, the fact. He was a writer of serial stories as well as a newsgatherer for the daily press. But what an estimate of Emersonian thought he must have had to calmly take up the thread of his own little tale, without being in the least distraced by the unsearchable utterances of our great "Yankee Greek," as Holmes called him. There was a sublime depreciation of Emerson in that reporter's preformance which Arnold cannot hope to approach. —*Boston Traveller.*

SPURGEON'S LIFE WORK.—This famous London preacher has been engaged for many years on a great literary undertaking which he calls The Treasury of David. It is an exceedingly valuable commentary on the Psalms, altogether different from ordinary works of this kind. Few men living are as interesting writers as is Mr. Spurgeon. Dr. John Hall says of this great work that "for instruction it is without an equal," and Dr. Philip Schaff says "that it is important work of the age on the Psalms." It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. See their large book advertisement on another page.

☞The new remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, and all Pains in the Chest, is "Pomeroy's Petroline Porousted Plasters." Price 25 cents. Sold only at L. A. Hoguet Drug Store.

A writer in a Boston paper says that the family refrigerator contains many of the disease spreading germs often mistakenly supposed to be in the drain pipes, and he thinks that the boards of health in the different cities should make regular inspections of all of them.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Rheumatic Syrup Co:

Gentlemen—You will please send me by express, C. O. D., one dozen Rheumatic Syrup, as the druggists here do not keep it. My brother has been troubled with rheumatism for years, and if your Syrup will do as much for him as it has done for a young woman who resides here, and who for the last four years has suffered everything but death, with inflammatory rheumatism—her hands and limbs were terribly drawn out of shape, and they had given up all hope of her recovery, when an acquaintance from Syracuse, N. Y., sent one dozen bottles of Rheumatic Syrup with a request for her to try it. She has used ten bottles, and to-day she is as free from pain, and as well at heart as ever she was, and her hands are coming back to their original shape, and she is able to use her limbs quite freely. We shall not begrudge one thousand dollars if it cures my brother.

I am yours truly, ELI HOYT.

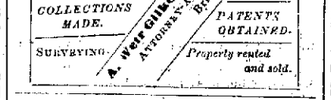
MISCELLANEOUS.

LIST OF SPRING BARGAINS.

Just Received from Bankrupt Sales, a large lot of goods, suitable for Early Spring Sales.

One hundred Knit Jackets, for young men, 40 cts.
350 pairs of men's fine Suspenders, 12 cts.
Beautiful suits for boys wear $2.
Good working suits, wool, $4 50 to $6 00!
Little boys' suits, $1.50, $3.50, $4.
New Spring style Gents' Stiff Hats, $1.00,
" " " boy's stiff Hats, 75c.
" " " youth's stiff hats, 75c.
Our $1 custom made White Shirts, 3-ply linen bosom, extra made, Wamsutta muslin, beats any dollar Shirt in the market.
Boy's Knee Pants, 60c. to $1.
Good Indigo Blue Shirts, $1; heavy Cheviot Work Shirts, 35c.; men's Calico Shirts, 25c.; elegant Neckties, new styles, very low.
Boy's Polo Hats, 75c.
Just here we would say, there are a few who still persist in asking us for credit in spite of all we have said and published on that question. To those we would say, don't do it? We would rather you would stay away from our store than give you credit. Please avoid unpleasant feelings hereafter, and when you come to buy be sure to bring the cash.
We show no partiality in this matter, but treat all alike.

WOOD'S
One Price Cash Clothing Store,
MILL ST., near Wood, Bristol.



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DO not let your Druggist persuade you to take something else, but if he has not got it, and will not send for it, write to us and we will send it to you by express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

.....One to three bottles of Rheumatic Syrup will clear the system of Bile, and cure any case of Inflammatory or Acute Rheumatism, or Neuralgia.

.....Three to five bottles will cure Erysipelas in its worst form.

.....Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running Ulcers.

.....Four to six bottles are warranted to cure any case of Salt Rheum.

.....Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

.....From two to four months' use of Rheumatic Syrup will cure any case of Chronic Rheumatism of twenty years' standing.

If you have been a sufferer for years, and have used all the remedies you could hear of, with no avail, do not be discouraged, for Rheumatic Syrup will cure you.

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